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Contents

	Page
COMMENTS ON THE WEEK'S NEWS	438
CRISIS AMONG THE SATELLITES	440
BRITAIN AND THE SIX	440
IT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED IN ARTHUR'S DAY. By Barbara Castle, M.P.	441
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	442
THIS ENGLAND	443
NOTES ON AN UNDERDEVELOPED COUNTRY. By R. H. S. Crossman, M.P.	443
MYTH IN ACTION. By W. John Morgan	444
THE PASSIONATE PRAGMATIST (with caricature of Lord Hailsham by VICKY)	445
THE WORLD'S YOUR . . . By John Berger	446
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT: The Bolshoi Theatre Ballet. By Annabel Farjeon	448
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT—*contd.*	Page
Anniversary Week. By William Salter	449
A Pastoral Opera. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	450
Attack! By Lindsay Anderson	450
Round the Galleries. By John Golding	451
The Saint of Lime Grove. By Tom Driberg	451
CORRESPONDENCE	452
From P. S. Gourgey; Sir Leslie Plummer, M.P.; Pavel Eisler; David Dulley; Hugh J. Klare, Santosh K. Mukherjee; A. W. Steward; Peter de Mendelssohn; Benjamin Frankel; Mary Aylett.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL: That One Talent. By Janet Adam Smith	455
MYTHOLOGY. By Lawrence Durrell	456
REVIEWS:	Page
The Aspidistra and the Mike. By Mary Scrutton	456
Chinese Outlines. By David Hawkes	457
Looking at Tragedy. By Geoffrey Brereton	458
Matter and Art. By G. S. Fraser	459
Pre-Psephology. By Asa Briggs	460
Earthy and Fantastic. By Richard Mayne	460
London's Colour Problem. By W. John Morgan	461
SHORTER REVIEWS	462
WEEK-END COMPETITION	463
THE CHESS BOARD. By Assiac	463
CITY LIGHTS. By Taurus	464
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-square	464

The Nation and the Reservists

SIR ANTHONY and his colleagues are making Britain look ridiculous—as anyone can discover by reading almost any foreign newspaper. *The Times* and the *Express* look equally provincial. Outside England and France the threat to use force over the Suez dispute is generally reported as an absurd recrudescence of colonialism. The Moslem world, though still obsessed by ancient rivalries and, until we threatened Nasser, by no means ready to accept Egyptian leadership, is on this matter unanimous; Russia and China, with their huge Moslem minorities, are gathering a fine crop of hay while the sun shines, both in Asia and Africa. Many countries, including India, to which the free navigation of Suez is as vital as it is to us, are equally aghast that, even when we are at length compelled by public opinion to go to the Security Council, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd can still talk of force as a possibility if the U.N. fails—which seems to mean if we don't get our own way. And this, even though we have at last been persuaded to begin those direct talks with Egypt which we have until now always refused.

Possible compromises have been suggested by America, India and other countries, and Nasser appears ready to make concessions. That he will not concede any share in the operation of the Canal has always been clear, and there is no way, short of war, of making him do so. He offers to sign a new Convention to guarantee free transit of the Canal, and he appears to be able to collect enough pilots to operate it successfully. The British go on suggesting that under winter conditions he may fail to do so. Even if a breakdown did occur, it would surely lead only to greater political pressure by S.C.U.A., not to war. In these circumstances no one should be surprised that there has been unrest amongst the 20,000 reservists who have been called from their homes and occupations for a service which looks to them, and to the world outside the Tory Party, absurd.

The protests of the reservists are thus a reflection of national feeling. Fortunately none of them has so far been serious. But when guardsmen begin to demonstrate, that is in itself serious—almost as surprising as when the navy demonstrated at Invergordon. Such unrest in the forces is very rare in this country because British governments seldom take warlike measures without the support of public opinion. The technical grounds for complaint by the reservists, intelligible enough in themselves, are the excuse rather than the cause of the unrest. They have three complaints. They complain about delay in receiving National Service Assistance grants. Since these are paid only where reasonable need is established, there must be some delay while officials check their circumstances. But why were more officials not drafted to cope with the task? The fact that more than two months after the recall, 580 applications out of a total of 4,206 have not yet been dealt with seems unjustifiable. The second grievance is about leave. It is not easy to understand why leave should not be given much more freely to those reservists—some 14,000 out of 20,000—who have not been sent overseas. If the army cannot get its men in this country back from leave in under 24 hours, its organisation is at fault. The third complaint, that the men have nothing to do, is not a fault of administration but of policy. Reservists are fully trained men, and their vehicles and equipment are packed ready for shipment at short notice. They might bear the resultant idleness if they were satisfied about the reasons for their recall.

But since their recall is solely due to policies which are opposed by at least half the country, the government must expect further trouble, not in the form, it is to be hoped, of anything approaching mutiny (as has happened in France), but of pressure for their early release. If Britain is not to be further humiliated, our representatives at the U.N. had better make common cause with America, India, Scandinavia and other countries which have been able to take a more realistic and objective attitude towards the Suez dispute.

Comments on the Week's News

Eden at Llandudno

A combination of factors makes it certain that when Sir Anthony Eden addresses the demonstration at the end of the Conservative Conference at Llandudno this week-end he will receive a great ovation. All conferences need someone whom they can cheer wholeheartedly, and this conference is unlikely to find such a one in its sessions proper. There is, for example, no real unity on the main topics which have projected themselves on to the agenda this year. The credit squeeze and all that? This is fine when it means wage restraint and a little unemployment, less fine when it means a fall in profits and a little bankruptcy. The common European market? There will be support for this from Patrick Maitland and his fellow authors of *The Expanding Commonwealth*, but there will be black looks from Lancashire, from diehard protectionists and from Empire Free Traders. Neither Mr. Thorneycroft, in the common market debate, nor Mr. Macleod, in the economic debate, can hope to unite the Conference. What of Mr. Butler and Mr. Macmillan? Each now has probably more adherents in his own right than the Prime Minister himself has. But these adherents tend to cancel each other out. Those who want Butler won't have Macmillan and *vice versa*, which leaves the Conference with Sir Anthony. His handling of the Suez crisis has exasperated both sections of his party; but both because the discussions in the Security Council make the subject in a sense *sub judice* and because while the issue between Britain and Egypt remains unresolved there is overwhelming instinctive pressure to back anyone who happens to be Prime Minister, criticism is likely to be muted. So Eden will appear as the leader of party and of country. Butlerites and Macmillanites alike can cheer him. But no one will be misled into thinking that he is any longer the eager choice of a united party.

Restrictive Practices Continue

The radio valve manufacturers are the latest group to put their house in order before the collective enforcement of prices becomes illegal on November 1. Their trade association has announced that its arrangements for collective enforcement are being discontinued, but warns that "it does not follow that the prices of comparable valves and tubes will necessarily vary between one manufacturer and another in the immediate future," even though it has also stopped recommending the prices which manufacturers should charge. In other words, as long as a few large firms dominate an industry, they have not much to fear from the Restrictive Trade Practices Act. Agreements to adopt common prices will in future have to be registered; but, even without such agreements, large firms will have no difficulty in keeping their prices in line. Worse still, though the Act prohibits collective enforcement, it empowers a manufacturer to enforce his own individual prices in a court of law. In some industries, therefore, the Act will make little change. The Tobacco Trade Association, for example, has pointed out that "the great majority of brands of cigarettes and tobacco goods which are price-maintained today will continue to be price-maintained in future by the individual manufacturer concerned". The need for the Monopolies Commission to keep an eye on the working of the Act, which the opposition urged during the debates in the Commons, becomes increasingly evident. Instead, the government has decided that the Commission's role is to be drastically curtailed. Its surveys of restrictive practices in particular industries, of which its report on linoleum is the latest, are to come to an end and the opportunity will be lost of learning how the Act can be improved or where it must be supplemented by other government action.

For instance, the majority of the Commission hold that, although the common price system operated by the Linoleum Manufacturers' Association, which controls 80 per cent. of the industry, is not at present contrary to the public interest, it might become so if left uncontrolled. They therefore recommend that the government should periodically review prices, costs and profits in the industry to satisfy itself that fair prices are being charged. This is not a remedy which the restrictive practices court could recommend, for it must rule simply for or against the defendant on the "not contrary to the public interest" plea. By whittling away the functions of the Commission the government has left a dangerous gap.

Mr. Dark's White Bread

It was unwise of Mr. Sidney Dark to write to us last week asserting that the Medical Research Council has not criticised the government for reducing the nutritional value of flour. The Cohen Committee, on whose advice the government abolished the Four Order, 1953, and substituted for national flour a fortified flour of lower extraction rate, gave as one of the main reasons the "deliberate disregard" of the intention of the Order by the millers in recent years. As the *Lancet* has pointed out, the Cohen report "was in fact written in the knowledge that the flour-millers are determined that bread shall be white and have already abolished national flour by quietly altering the composition of what is sold under its name"; and its findings "seem to be based on administrative rather than purely nutritional considerations." In its weighty memorandum of evidence to the Cohen Committee, which the government refused to publish but which has now appeared privately, the Council complains that "those who advocate a policy of fortification in this country do not propose to restore to bread all the nutrients that have been lost by milling at a lower extraction rate," and declares that there is "no basis for the assumption" that the addition of iron, vitamin B and nicotinic acid, as proposed by the Cohen Committee, will meet the deficiency. In spite of this warning the Cohen Committee stuck to its "assumption," and the government has acted contrary to the evidence of the Medical Research Council. With the publication of that evidence there is a growing demand that the whole policy should be reconsidered.

An Opportunity in Tanganyika

Whilst Princess Margaret is being shown the sights of Tanganyika, its African leader, Julius Nyerere, is in London putting the Africans' case for constitutional reforms. Tanganyika boasts the highest degree of racial harmony of the African plural societies. The white settlers have few political ambitions, the Asians are very friendly to the Africans and the Africans themselves are extremely good-humoured. This racial peace gives the British government its best chance of setting an example to the other territories. It does not seem inclined to take it. It is proposed to hold elections in a limited number of constituencies in 1958, with a franchise restricted by wealth and educational qualifications, and maintaining the present parity of representation between the three races. Julius Nyerere is president of the Tanganyika African National Union, which, although only two years old, has a membership of 100,000. He is here to persuade the British government that (1) they should clearly state the target of political democracy and national independence; (2) by 1958 equal representation between Africans and non-Africans should be granted; (3) there should be a common electoral roll with universal adult suffrage, though racial representation can continue for a limited period. These are thoughtful, constructive proposals, put forward by a movement and a leader whose most striking characteristics are tolerance and good temper. If the Colonial Office have any foresight or imagination they will arrange immediate discussions with Mr. Nyerere.

Mr. Lim's Gamble

Singapore is an island of racial contrasts. Yet none is sharper than the performance of its last two Chief Ministers. It must be very strange for people in Singapore to accustom themselves to the quiet, phlegmatic Lim Yew Hock after the wild dynamism of David Marshall. Yet Mr. Lim is not, as some thought, merely a caretaker minister. Having secured a unanimous vote of confidence, he has now started the dangerous task of attacking the Communists. His object is clearly to separate Social Democrats from Communists, and Singapore Chinese from those who look to Peking. In this effort Mr. Lim has put Lee Kuan Yew on the spot. As leader of the People's Action Party, Mr. Lee is followed by both Socialists and Communists amongst the Chinese. Now he must either submit to attacks on some of his followers or come into open conflict with the Labour Front government. His mild motion of censure—which was defeated—was hardly a declaration of war. Mr. Lim, in his quiet way, can stir things up just as much as Mr. Marshall used to do, and seems to have won the first battle with the students. He has taken his political life in his hands, but if he succeeds we shall soon see him over here negotiating with the Colonial Office for *merdeka* from a far stronger position than his predecessors.

Danger in the Air

The Guild of Air Traffic Control Officers at its Convention last week-end uttered a public warning, the seriousness of which can scarcely be exaggerated: the methods of air traffic control in the U.K. are out of date . . . changes in procedure are overdue . . . we are heading for chaos in the air. And, finally, a threat which is barely obscured even by its stuffy bureaucratic language: "the fare-paying passenger would not be justified in assuming that there existed a complex ground organisation to which as much scientific research and financial effort as possible had been directed to ensure that his flight should be as safe and speedy as could be arranged." That means, in plain words, that avoidable danger and delay is the lot of all of us who fly and that the situation, while present attitudes persist, is likely to get worse. There is no short-cut solution. The Guild believes that there should be a single air traffic control service for the U.K., comparable with Trinity House, and that every air traffic control officer should be licensed to it. But more fundamental is the need to stimulate scientific research and expenditure. "We consider," said Mr. K. I. Pearson, the senior air traffic control officer at the Royal Aircraft Establishment in the

paper which formed the basis of discussion, "that equipment is obsolescent even before it is installed. We consider that the air traffic control service, military and civil, in this country suffers from a lack of imaginative planning and has come to be an organisation to please the administrator." This indictment, which reinforces a recent warning on similar lines by Lord Douglas of Kirtleside, must be taken seriously by the authorities—as it will be by the public. Air travel already tries our nerves by delays which we have always suspected to be largely avoidable. If the public becomes convinced that to the list of genuine, and in that sense unavoidable, accidents must be added the hazards of inefficient control, it will rapidly turn its back on flying.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Washington

Third Year of Integration

Norman MacKenzie writes from Washington: This is a strangely quiet city at election time. Both parties have their headquarters here, and the business of government goes on. But the residents of the District of Columbia have no vote, and no one has to solicit their support on national or local issues. This year, however, Washington has provided a local issue which some southern Democrats have tried to work up into useful headlines—at least for their constituents who face or fear the integration of their white and Negro school systems. For the Washington schools, previously segregated into two different systems, were integrated over two years ago after the Supreme Court decision in May, 1954. And a special sub-committee of Congress—directly responsible for the government of the District—has been holding a hearing at which Representative Davis of Georgia and his colleagues have sought to show that integration has been an unpleasant failure.

Day after day the witnesses were led by the committee counsel, William Gerber, through a recital of difficulties and tensions in the schools. Mr. Gerber, who was formerly associated with the discredited Crump machine in Memphis, is an adept at loading his questions. He would read tendentious material into the record, and then ask a witness: "And do you dispute that?" Or he would preface a question with such phrases as "the National Association for the *alleged* Advancement of Coloured People". He called a building superintendent to state that the cost of replacing broken windows had risen from $51,816 to $59,267 in the first two years after integration. Equipment lost or stolen had risen from $3,523 to $6,834 in the same period. A health official testified that 10 per cent. of the white children had ringworm and 90 per cent. of the Negroes, that one quarter of the Negro children were illegitimate and that more Negroes than whites suffered from venereal disease. Witnesses who could give the committee what it wanted—sensational snippets—were called: supporters of integration were ignored, or, if they had to be called, their evidence was perverted by cross-examination.

I was present when Mr. Corning, the superintendent of schools was on the stand. He is no enthusiast for integration, and many people feel that the poor state of the Washington schools is in part his responsibility. But he could never clearly establish his point that intelligence and performance tests proved nothing about the relative capacity of white and Negro children unless allowance was made for previous differences in teaching standards between the two school systems, and for the far inferior social conditions in which most of the Negro children live. Mr. Gerber simply took average performances in "predominantly" Negro schools and compared them with those in "predominantly" white schools. (This is like making a comparison between children of 12 in a Gorbals elementary school and those of the same age group in, say, a Bournemouth grammar school.)

The sub-committee, of course, made some pretence that it was making a serious inquiry, rather than propaganda against de-segregation. What the evidence really showed was that education in the District as a whole is poor, that there is a serious shortage of school space and teachers—about $20 million is needed immediately for new construction to alleviate overcrowding—and that integration has simply made the white community aware of the handicaps under which the Negro children have long laboured. Two poor school systems have been integrated, and the difficulties that have arisen condemn the Washington school system, not integration.

Segregation, indeed, had already begun to break down, as an inquiry in 1948 by Professor Strayer of Columbia University showed conclusively. White schools had to be handed over to Negro use, because white schools were half empty and nearby Negro schools were crammed out. At a time when there were 6,000 vacancies in white high schools, one Negro high school was accommodating 1,800 pupils in a building with places for 900; in size of classes, in buildings, the supply of textbooks, the Negro schools were well below the level of the white schools. No wonder Negro children were woefully behind. As an expert remarked to me after the hearings closed: "It is remarkable how little trouble there has been. If integration merely makes the white community realise how Negro children have been penalised, it will mobilise opinion here. What we need is more money, more schools and more teachers—not bogus investigations designed to make trouble in the areas now beginning to tackle de-segregation."

Rome

Rethinking in the C.P.

Our Rome Correspondent writes: The 8th Congress of the Italian C.P. will take place this Autumn, and an intense debate on the party line is being openly carried on in Communist publications. Discussion has at times been heated—for example, Togliatti's denunciation of a member of his Central Committee, Fabrizio Onofri, who had attacked the whole of the past party line. D'Onofrio (not to be confused with Onofri), head of the Cadres Commission, a gentleman not easily moved by such things as the 20th Congress, has furiously attacked those intellectuals who want an excessive "internal democracy" and more than one list of candidates in the internal elections. Luciano Romagnoli, the Landworkers' leader, fell hard upon the intellectual Salinari, when the latter doubted the capacity of the Italian bourgeoisie to carry out a "preventive counter-revolution."

Relations between the Italian C.P. and the state are at the centre of the debate. One current of opinion demands a revision of Lenin's *State and Revolution*, while others maintain it is still valid, and that violence must eventually be used. But it seems likely that the congress will reject both the violent way and the exclusive dictatorship of the proletariat. Plurality of at least those parties linked with the working class will be theoretically admitted. As regards internal policy, the congress will propose nothing startling: the nationalisation of the great monopolies, but not, for instance, of Fiat. It will be a programme of industrial reform acceptable to all progressive parties. Particular attention is being paid to technical progress and automation. The party line is that Communists should not oppose these, but ensure that the chief benefactors are the workers.

Both in the agricultural and the industrial field there is a group of Communists who still maintain that the traditional forms of struggle (i.e., insurrectional strikes, occupation of the land, etc.) are still valid. The congress will doubtless reject these, but will nevertheless approve a vast offensive against the Italian landowners, co-ordinated from Rome and carried out by all legal means. Industrialisation of southern Italy is also an important item. Communist support in the south is at present purely peasant and the creation of an industrial proletariat would certainly benefit it.

The most important problem to be faced is that of Socialist unification. Togliatti (in spite of Luigi Longo's first bitter remarks) has already announced that the C.P. favours the unification of the Nenni and Saragat parties. The rapid progress which was being made in this direction has been checked at least temporarily by the announcement last week-end of the new action pact between the P.C.I. and Nenni's P.S.I. The non-Socialist press all over Europe has been making great play of Togliatti's apparent hold over Nenni, but it can reasonably be argued—indeed Nenni himself has virtually made the point—that the pact in its new form has been watered down to the point where it means comparatively little. Meanwhile the desire for a unified party is very strong among the rank-and-file of both Socialist parties, and Saragat himself has hinted that eventual unification is inevitable. Opinion in the P.C.I. is confident that, when it does come, Nenni will not insist on a break in the trade unions (C.G.I.L.) and in the mass organisations where Socialists and Communists work together—because if he did he would be liable to induce a breach within the Socialist Party itself, and many of the rank-and-file would desert to the Communists.

Finally the 8th Congress will attempt to give a first outline of the Italian Way to Socialism, which will subsequently be given theoretical form. This line, it is pointed out, was started by Togliatti in 1944 when he rejected insurrection in favour of collaboration with the other Italian political parties, even the Monarchists—a collaboration which led to the formation of the Italian Republic and the drawing up of the constitution. The development of this line has been impeded by the international tension, which has kept the party mobilised on semi-insurrectional lines. The Italian Way to Socialism may now be summed up as the parliamentary way, supported by pressure from the masses.

NEXT WEEK

The Presidential Election
NORMAN MACKENZIE

Bourguiba's Tunisia
ALEXANDER WERTH

FRANCIS WILLIAMS'
Fleet Street Notebook
will appear again as usual

Crisis among the Satellites

THE resignation of Hilary Minc, the last of the old guard Stalinists in the Polish Politburo, and the talks between Mr. Krushchev and Marshal Tito at Yalta, are part of the same story. It is a mystery story of many twists and strands, which may now be rapidly moving to its *dénouement*. The most immediate purpose of Minc's resignation is to clear the way for the return to office of Wladyslaw Gomulka. (The ill health incidentally, which is the official excuse for the resignation is genuine but irrelevant: Minc has been largely incapacitated for many months and the significance of his resignation is its timing.) Gomulka's return to the Politburo has been considered certain since his party reinstatement this summer, and it will almost certainly be announced at the forthcoming meeting of the Central Committee.

There has, until quite recently, been much less certainty about his political affiliations. In the struggle between the more and less democratic elements in the Polish party, each side was for some time able to argue plausibly that it could count on his support. What has always been clear is that his influence, when he did show his hand, would be at least for a period decisive: he is the one Polish leader who cannot be tarred with the brush of Stalinism. In recent weeks there have been a number of indications that he has decided to throw in his lot with Prime Minister Cyrankiewicz and the more progressive wing.

Any remaining uncertainty about his position is likely to be soon removed. At last July's plenary meeting of the Polish Central Committee, it became clear that a fraction existed inside the party; and the deliberations on a number of specific issues identified with precision the position of Politburo members and most of the more prominent members of the Central Committee. Gomulka's return to the Politburo is likely to be followed by consequential changes—perhaps in the Politburo itself and almost certainly in the Central Secretariat of the Polish party. The personalities involved in any such changes should give a pretty clear indication whether Gomulka has in fact joined forces with Cyrankiewicz and the progressives, who have so far held a small majority in the leadership, or with the "Natolin Group"—so called after the official government rest house outside Warsaw where they held their early meetings—which constitutes the fraction and is led inside the Politburo by Zawadski, Nowak and Rokossowski.

The question which divides the two groups is, very broadly, the speed of democratisation. But this, in turn, raises the crucial issues of the role of the party and its relations with the Soviet Union. The Natolin Group are generally in favour of slowing down the speed at which democratisation has been taking place in Poland. They are pro-Russian, anti-intellectual and anti-Semite. Nevertheless, they are not in any real sense Stalinist—they stand for a more rigid party discipline rather than for police control. The argument is concerned, in fact, with whether democratisation should be a controlled "revolution from above" towards a more moderate and benevolent form of Stalinism, or whether the present "dash for freedom" should be allowed to continue. Ever since the visit to Warsaw of Bulganin and Zhukov after the Poznan riots, the Natolin Group has been confident that it has the support of the Russians.

It is here that the Tito-Krushchev talks become relevant. The key to interpreting them is Mr. Gerö, First Secretary of the Hungarian party, who joined the talks at Yalta for a time and who is now about to pay a ceremonial visit to Tito in Belgrade. Tito has long been particularly sensitive about what goes on in Hungary. It is certain that he demanded the head of Rakosi as part of the price of his reconciliation with the Russians in Moscow last June. But since Rakosi's fall, Yugoslav sources which clearly reflect Tito's views have openly expressed their dissatisfaction that the successor was Gerö, the orthodox Muscovite, and not Nagy, the deposed ex-Premier, who has always been Tito's choice. Gerö's appointment indicates with absolute certainty that every possible effort is being made by the Russians to prevent Hungary following the Poles in their dash for freedom. His task is to make sure, on Moscow's behalf, that "de-Stalinisation" takes place, but does not get out of hand.

The decision now to accept Gerö and welcome him in Belgrade strongly suggests that Tito has agreed to co-operate with Krushchev in slowing down the speed of democratisation and in accepting the revolution from above. Why? There are convincing reports that Krushchev himself is under strong criticism inside the Soviet Central Committee—even that he is held responsible by the army for the fact that the Poles have "gone too far" for Soviet security. If so, the nature of the present crisis is fairly clear. The Soviet Communist Party has decisively changed its line, but it has not accepted any change in its role: after a period of uncertainty at the time of the 20th Congress, it is determined to retain ultimate control over the process of democratisation and to make it as difficult as possible for other satellite countries to interpret "polycentric" leadership as Tito has done. So far this policy has succeeded in Bulgaria, Rumania, Albania and, probably, Hungary. Tito's acceptance of Gerö, in fact—and his invitation to delegations from the anti-Titoist regimes in Bulgaria and Rumania—strongly suggests that he and Krushchev, both of whom have staked their reputations on the agreement they made in Moscow, are equally alarmed at the possible effect on their own position of developments in Poland; and, seeing the danger of a reversion to something like the previous party line in Russia if the satellites get completely out of hand, have decided to check the rate of progress in order to maintain their objectives and fortify their personal positions.

It is particularly significant in this connection, that the Yugoslav official interpretation of Poznan has been the Soviet one—that the riots were the work of foreign agents—which no Pole has ever believed and which is clearly refuted by the evidence given at the current trials. In 1953, by contrast, *Borba* gave strong support to the workers involved in the East Berlin uprising: "the masses," it wrote, "have become aware of the betrayal by their leaders, who instead of building Socialism are building up a system of exploitation subservient to the Soviet Union." The contrast this time is too marked to be accidental.

If this interpretation of the Tito-Krushchev talks is correct, the danger to the Poles is obvious. Without Tito's active support, they are isolated; and they are facing risks which even Tito has decided are too great. What can they do? If, as now looks likely, they continue on their present road, they may conceivably blaze the trail of Socialism further than it has ever reached before. But a far more likely development is a Soviet-backed *coup d'état*. If they attempt to toe the line and surrender now to the Muscovites in their midst, they will find what a difficult, repressive and bloody operation it is to dam the tide of liberty. The Poles, in the course of their history, have endured, suffered and struggled, perhaps more than any other nation. And they have not yet reached the end of the road.

Britain and the Six

IS Britain about to become a partner, or at least a participant, in a plan of European economic co-operation? All that has happened so far is that the six countries of "Little Europe" have been considering plans for a customs union and that out of these discussions has arisen a wider, but less ambitious, project for a west European "free trade area" open to any member of O.E.E.C. that is prepared to join. Neither of these plans has yet taken final form; but they have gone far enough to lead Mr. Macmillan to consult the governments of the Commonwealth about them.

The difference between the customs union projected by the six and the wider project of a free trade area appears to be that the former involves not only the disappearance of tariff and similar barriers between the participant countries but also the adoption of a common tariff against the rest of the world; whereas the latter involves only the first of these, leaving each country to raise what barriers it pleases against other countries. There seems to be no question of British entry into a customs union, which would automatically end any sort of preferential arrangement for Commonwealth trade. All that has been under discussion has been possible British participation in the proposed O.E.E.C. free trade area; and even in this connection it seems that agricultural and perhaps other primary products, as well as manufactured foodstuffs, are to be excluded. The main effect, then, would be to open the British market to the unrestricted entry of west European manufactured goods and in return to give the British manufacturers a similar unrestricted access to west European markets. This would certainly mean sharp competition here and in western Europe between British and West German industries—to name only our most important competitor. The idea behind it is that the larger common market would make it possible to reduce costs by producing on a bigger scale and to plan investment policies over a wider area.

Were the proposed free trade area to be set up without British participation, there would be an evident risk that British manufacturers would lose a considerable part of their export markets in western Europe—largely of course to Germany. As against this, British participation might involve inroads by west European manufacturers into the British home market—though the proposal to introduce free trade only by stages over a span of years would allow home industries a period of grace to accommodate themselves to the new conditions. If primary products are to be excluded from the scheme, the exports of the Commonwealth countries would not be greatly affected by it, though there would be some tendency for the west European countries to increase imports of primary products, where they could, from such overseas territories as they still retain.

The most questionable aspect of the entire project is that it would evidently tend to the setting up of permanent barriers in the way of trade between western and eastern Europe. It would make the reunification of Germany even more difficult than it now is by integrating West, but not East, Germany into the west European free

trade area; and it would place Czechoslovakia and Poland, among other countries, outside the boundaries of a so-called Europe which included only countries of the O.E.E.C. group.

There is, moreover, the grave doubt whether, despite certain evident advantages of removing internal tariff barriers between the countries of western Europe, the prospective partners in the European free trade area really constitute a viable economic unit. The Danes are already saying that they have little interest in a project from which foodstuffs, their principal export, are to be excluded; whereas New Zealand, for example, would clearly be hostile to any proposal to allow Danish agricultural products unrestricted entry into the British market. The French, in other matters strong supporters of the European idea, feel grave doubts about the capacity of their industries to stand up without protection to German —or, for that matter, to British—competition. The Dutch, like the Danes, are interested as agricultural exporters; and the British manufacturers are afraid of their increasingly pushing and efficient German rivals. Obviously there is no intention of seeking to make the European free trade area self-sufficient; it will be bound to need large imports of both agricultural and other materials, which will have to be paid for with exports, chiefly of manufactured and, above all, of capital goods. The question is whether there will be room, within the markets open to the west European exports, for all the manufactured products they will need to export, unless the markets can be so widened so as to include the countries now on the other side of the iron curtain.

To be sure, this doubt arises whether western Europe becomes economically integrated or not. It does not seem at all likely that the dollar market for imports from western Europe can be enlarged enough to solve the problem of absorbing both German and British manufactured exports on the scale required. The difficult question for British industry is whether it can better afford to lose a large part of its markets in western Europe to the Germans or to open its home market to free west European—above all West German—competition. The answer chiefly depends on the relative prospects of rising productivity in Great Britain and in western Europe; and it is necessarily difficult to assess these prospects. The Germans have of late been increasing their productivity a good deal faster than we have; but that is partly because they had to start after 1945 from a much lower level. Their post-war recovery has been very remarkable; but it does not follow that they can keep up the pace now that recovery is largely accomplished. On the other hand, Great Britain has allowed its rate of production-advance to slacken off of late; and recovery of the post-1945 rate of advance will call for a considerable increase in capital construction, for which the resources can ill be spared unless we can cut our spending on armaments much more drastically than we yet show any sign of being prepared to do. Nor must it be left out of account that the demands of capital construction are to a large extent competitors with the demand for exports of capital goods, on which the prospects of the British economy are bound more and more to depend.

Whether the European free trade area comes into being and whether, if it does, Great Britain takes part in it, the British economy will be faced with big difficulties for some time to come, and a high proportion of current output will have to be devoted to investment designed to inspire industrial productivity. In these circumstances it is of the first importance to eliminate all wasteful or unnecessary capital spending and to make sure that investment is guided into the right channels and not frittered away by speculators in search of immediate profits from the home market. That proposition must in any event be the basis of our economic policy. Whether Great Britain should at the same time take the plunge into a west European free trade area is a question which cannot be answered until we know more clearly what the project is. We cannot afford to reject it out of hand; but we need not get unduly excited about the whole matter yet awhile. It is still quite on the cards that the six countries primarily concerned will fail to agree on this project for a common market and that, even if they do agree, the proposal for a wider free trade area will fail to mature. To say this is not to express the hope that nothing will happen: it is merely to utter a reminder that nothing binding or decisive has been agreed on so far.

It Couldn't Have Happened in Arthur's Day

"A WONDERFUL Conference." The fact that the speaker was Miss Jennie Lee and that she was voicing from the rostrum what the delegates had been chattering happily about in the bars and *coulisses* of the Winter Gardens is the key to the Blackpool Conference. For neither she nor they were referring only to the election of Mr. Bevan as treasurer. Indeed, his election might have proved the signal for a renewed declaration of war—and not merely from one side. In fact, it was the culmination of a new mood of conciliation, as well as the one sure guarantee that the mood would endure. Even before the result was announced there were trade unionists in unexpected quarters who were unhappy that the contest had been forced and whose secret relief that Mr. Brown's disastrous victory had been avoided, even though without their help, changed rapidly into an almost tangible readiness to accept the new balance of power within the party. Mr. Bevan's victory was like a signal for the release of a wave of optimism which gathered strength from hour to hour: "Now we can win".

What caused the new mood? The jubilant reaction of the constituency parties was inevitable. They have remained loyal to "Nye" through all the years of split, even when they have felt most unhappy about the souring of comradeships. They do not only want an election programme, but a philosophy; and Nye gives them, as no one else can, the sense of belonging to a crusade—and to a crusade which means business. His exclusion from the top team of the party in recent years has for them symbolised the party's loss of faith in itself, a loss which they had begun to share. It is no accident that, in the unhappy period which followed Mr. Bevan's resignation from the Labour government, the individual membership has declined from the record peak of over one million in 1952. To murmur "splits" is no answer, for the biggest drop—90,000—took place during the comparatively peaceful period of the last 12 months. Local party workers have been unhappy because they have felt dispossessed, and even the most obtuse right-winger has been gradually becoming aware of the *malaise*. Mr. Gaitskell is not obtuse. He is shrewd enough to know that it is not enough to be leader; he must have troops to lead—and N.C.O.s.

But what of the trade unions? Significantly, the new and more mellow note of this Conference was struck by a trade unionist in the very first speech that was made at it, when Mr. Ray Gunter, of the Transport and Salaried Staffs' Association, at the public demonstration, called with impassioned sincerity for unity. The T.S.S.A. is not noticeably a left-wing union. It has been bitterly anti-Bevanite. But as Mr. Gunter pleaded for an end to "bitter and sterile controversies," his audience felt that he was not offering an ultimatum, but an olive branch. Changes have been taking place during the past year on the trade union side. As one delegate put it: "Brighton was a signpost to Blackpool."

The most important of these changes was, of course, the election of Mr. Cousins as secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union. This had a marked effect at Blackpool—not because Mr. Cousins took sides in the Bevan-Gaitskell controversy, but because he did not. During the whole Conference he acted as a balancer, alternately giving comfort to each side, while cultivating the personal friendship of both men. After declaring on Monday that "there are those to whom the old type of Socialism was quite a good type" (nationalisation and all), he hastened to give assurances afterwards that he was not attacking Mr. Gaitskell's leadership.

And he came to the help of the platform in the one card vote which it seemed likely that the floor might win—civil liberties. But the importance of Mr. Cousins is that he has broken up the monolithic front of the two general workers' unions, which used to dominate every conference, and so has given the rank-and-file—in the trade unions as well as the local parties—the strange, new, heady sense that issues (and elections) could be decided on their merits . . . and might be one day, even though Mr. Cousins had not got the merits quite clear yet. This new feeling undoubtedly helped Mr. Bevan to victory. Some of the little unions felt freer to vote as they liked without incurring the displeasure of the big fish. Most significant of all was the fact that, although the Union of Shop, Distributive and Allied Workers voted for Mr. Bevan for treasurer against the nominee of the Transport and General Workers' Union—and so falsified the rumour that they had done a deal—their president, Mr. Walter Padley, was none the less elected handsomely to the National Executive—something which could not have happened in Arthur Deakin's day.

Paradoxically, it is this new freedom among the trade unions which has most helped to strengthen Mr. Gaitskell's leadership. The danger point for the National Executive at this Conference, and for Mr. Gaitskell personally, was foreign policy; for the statements on home policy submitted by the Executive did not deal with any of the issues on which the party has been most deeply divided, such as the future of public ownership—or of the public schools. Foreign policy has been a long-standing source of conflict, yet it was this field in which Mr. Gaitskell had his greatest triumph. His masterly exposition of the Suez problem united the party as it never seemed possible it could be after his speech in the House on August 2. "The night we went to Blackpool by way of Brighton Pier," murmured one of the delegates as they listened approvingly. For there can be little doubt that if Mr. Alan Birch of the distributive workers had not held out in the International Committee of the T.U.C. single-handed until Mr. Cousins' big guns came to his rescue, the T.U.C. could easily have been committed to something like a united front with the government on Suez; and,

if it had been, the mood of Blackpool, and Mr. Gaitskell's reaction to that mood, might have been very different. As it was, Mr. Gaitskell showed that he has one of the essential attributes of leadership—the ability to feel the groundswell of discontent and to adjust himself accordingly.

And it was in another field of foreign policy that the platform was saved from a clash with the floor by union pressure. Two years ago the Conference was rent in two on German rearmament. So narrow was the vote that a crisis was produced which nearly led to Mr. Bevan's expulsion from the party. The rank-and-file has never forgotten that the "majority decision" in favour of German rearmament, which Mr. Bevan was later accused of defying, was secured only by a last-minute switch in the vote of the Amalgamated Society of Woodworkers for which Mr. Deakin's pressure was widely held to be responsible. This year's Conference had before it a resolution which called for a "fresh attempt" to solve the German problem in the context of a European security pact, a resolution which daringly visualised "the progressive withdrawal of Nato and Soviet controlled military forces from Germany." Delegates were surprised to hear it being moved by the delegate of the woodworkers, and still more surprised to hear Mr. Sam Watson accept it on behalf of the Executive. And the rumour spread that, if he had not, a card vote would have been called which might well have carried the day. "It couldn't have happened in Arthur's day," became a minor motif of this Conference. It was the refrain which was heard when Mr. Casasola was elected to the trade union section of the National Executive, a result few had expected; for Mr. Casasola is an extreme left-winger who, incidentally, moved in 1954 the motion opposing German rearmament against which "Arthur" mobilised his big battalions.

The sanguine mood in which delegates dispersed was based, therefore, on more than wishful thinking. The rigid alignments of the last few years have been broken down and their going has liberated suppressed ideas and new comradeships—as well as a new will to power. But it would be wrong to assume that, when the delegates rejoiced in the new "unity", they thereby wished to close the door to argument. On the contrary, they looked forward with relish to a heightening of the argument on issues which must be threshed out before the party can be ready to take power successfully. What was new was that the delegates felt that the issues can now be debated on their merits, in the trade unions as well as the local parties, and that rank-and-file opinion will no longer be crushed by an alliance between the leaders of a few big unions and the platform.

It was this situation, in which unrepresentative views were imposed as "majority decisions", which precipitated the recent crises. With its passing, controversy need no longer wreck the party. When Mr. Bevan stood for the treasurership, instead of for the constituency parties' section of the Executive, he did so in order to prove that the old division between trade unionists and individual members in the party was unhealthy and unreal. In one happy phrase Mr. Cousins revealed that he shares that view, when he went to the rostrum in the private session and announced himself as: "Cousins, Sutton and Cheam Labour Party and Transport and General Workers' Union". That, too, could never have happened in Arthur's day. The new freedom among the trade unions, of which Mr. Bevan's election is partly an expression, may well lead to shifts of emphasis in the party's policy. If Mr. Gaitskell is wise he will appreciate it is the one basis on which he can cement his leadership.

BARBARA CASTLE

London Diary

CAPITAL punishment is on the agenda of the Tory Conference; I understand that it is to be discussed freely with no platform pronouncement. (There are many Tory abolitionists.) When parliament meets, the government will have to make a statement; constitutionally it should surely give facilities for Silverman's bill. If it runs true to type I suppose it will bring in a compromise bill of its own or seek a way of postponing the issue. In order that evasion may be less easy the National Campaign for the Abolition of Capital Punishment has been collecting the signatures of eminent persons who support abolition. The result of the appeal is, I am told, really remarkable. It was sent out only to the heads of professions, to top scientists, professors, church dignitaries and so forth, and the appeal was made in August, when most people were away on holiday and when the Suez crisis was distracting the minds of public-spirited people. Yet I am told that the response to this first batch of signatures is extraordinary: it includes 75 members of the Royal Society, a high proportion of well-known names in literature and the arts, and a large number of people like probation officers who best understand the problem. Those who sent out the memorandum received a sprinkling of abusive letters, including one which declared that most of the leading abolitionists were Russian-Jews who should be thrown out of the country! Inquiry revealed that the author of this daft letter was a professional psychiatrist.

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Twenty-two-year-old Michael Jelley is at present serving in Cyprus. He was recently sent on a course as a candidate for a commission. Suddenly, according to the *Brighton and Hove Gazette* which reports this story, his commanding officer received instructions from the War Office that Jelley was no longer to be considered for a commission as he had belonged to a "subversive organisation". This was a surprise to Jelley, who is the son of a lifelong member of the Conservative Party and is himself a member of the Hove Young Conservatives. It now transpires that Jelley has been banned from a commission because, as an agricultural student at Oxford and wishing to learn something about agricultural methods in Russia, he joined the League of Friendship with Russia and even visited the Soviet Embassy to see some films of Soviet agriculture! I recall that John Baird's son, also now in Cyprus, was denied a commission after a selection board had satisfied themselves that his father was a Bevanite M.P. This again reminds me that during the war Geoffrey Bing's military promotion was repeatedly checked on the grounds that, before the war, he had been a "premature anti-fascist." The fact that the latest victim happens, according to this report, to be a deeply dyed Conservative does not make this British brand of McCarthyism any less repulsive.

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Like most independent jounalists I rejoice that Randolph Churchill won his libel action against *The People*, and I am not even moved by the contrast between the £5,000 that he got for what I should think could only be notional damage to his reputation and the £750 awarded Miss Valerie Austin on the same day for the considerable damage to her nose on a Channel steamer. (What would Miss Austin have got if she had had a jury?) There will be wide differences of opinion about many of Randolph's qualities. But everyone who knows him will vouch for his rumbustuous independence and general cantakerousness. The more one disagrees with him the more certain one is that he is no one's hired man. It was seemly and appropriate that the principal witnesses to his character as a journalist should have been such a disparate trio as Charles Wintour of the *Evening Standard*, Michael Foot of *Tribune*, and Ian Gilmour of the *Spectator*.

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So Mrs. Doris Lessing has been declared a prohibited immigrant and barred entry into Rhodesia. Earlier this year, when she was revisiting her home-country, she was refused entry into South Africa—her account of how she was put back into the plane for Salisbury appeared in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. Mrs. Lessing lived in Rhodesia from the age of two until she came to England seven years ago, and I believe that Lord Malvern, in the days when he was in general practice, was the Lessing's family doctor. She has been banned from the Federation, as from the Union, as a Communist. The ironical thing is, she is the first novelist of distinction to have emerged from Rhodesia. It's a queer way for a country to show pride in its distinguished children, preventing them going back to it.

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A correspondent, Mr. Doré Silverman, is very cross because I included in this Diary, without mentioning his name, some charming reflections which he sent on the passing of the "Blue Danube" cabaret. This was an oversight.

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In spite of the bitter struggle now going on in the South I should say that one of the really remarkable social changes of my lifetime has been in the race relations of America. When I first lived in the United States more than 30 years ago there seemed no way out; people still defended lynching and it was usually impossible to have a rational conversation on the subject. Today all this has changed. I therefore accept with humility a rebuke from a well-known Bostonian who complains that a recent short story by Walter Allen called *Stiff Whites* might lead people to think that it was still possible for a university in the Middle West to deny a Ph.D. degree to a Negro student who had earned it. I agree with her that this kind of discrimination could take place today only in the South. She has not noticed that Allen's story, which began by referring to Americans questioning English people about their attitude to India, clearly referred to pre-war America. Actually Walter Allen's account was true of the university to which he referred at that time, but the change in racial

relations that has happened since then (which has been frequently mentioned in this journal) should have been pointed out once again to avoid misunderstanding.

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"It's all a matter of practice," I heard someone say as we came out from the Chinese Variety show at the Princes Theatre. Is it? I suppose, if you begin very young, as all professional gymnasts and jugglers must, you can learn, even if you are not Chinese, to balance a 15 ft. pole on your forehead while several people climb up and down it like monkeys and do stunts near the ceiling. I know, from watching western acrobats, that you can tie yourself in knots, and balance yourself, and almost any other object at the same time, in almost any impossible position. One must not lose one's sense of proportion because these Chinese artists do these things so incredibly well and with such a smiling grace and such unaffected enjoyment of their own performance. But some things they do that I don't see how one does learn by practice. I find quite inexplicable, contrary to nature, the Chinese game played with a great rice bowl weighing up to 18 lb. You throw this in the air, catch it on the top of your head (without breaking either) and by movements of your scalp and neck make it balance on an edge, make it revolve briskly (when anointed with water), or stay still while you turn round, run agreeably from one outstretched hand to the other, sometimes along one's back, sometimes across one's throat. Nor do I know how you toss it backwards and forwards to your friend's head as if it were a football. This, I feel, must take a lot of practice.

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A friend recently brought his family of three young children from the country, where they have lived all their lives, to London for a fortnight's holiday. I asked him what had excited them most—they had seen all the usual things, the museums, the Zoo, the Tower, the Abbey, St. Paul's, London Airport, Madame Tussaud's. "As much as anything", he replied, "the horses. They'd never seen so many in their lives: British Railways' horses, brewers' horses, milkmen's horses, police horses, cavalry horses. At home, in the country, they only see tractors".

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Nowadays, if you are worried about seating arrangements for your guests, you can write to the Heralds of the College of Arms and hope for a reply as superb as the one received by the anxious hostess of the Aga Khan. "The Aga Khan," it ran, "is held by his followers to be the direct descendant of God. An English Duke takes precedence."—*Housewife*. (R. A. Timings.)

We met a woman who had built her own H-bomb shelter in her home.

She and her family would have to stay in it for two days after a bomb had fallen.

What would the family do while waiting?

She declared cheerily, "Why, we'll read books, play games, enjoy ourselves. There'll be good plays and entertainment on the wireless."—*Daily Herald*. (John M. Thorp.)

It is time you men learned what we women like and how to keep us happy. In my long career I can only recall two men who made me feel glad that I was a woman and this I think is a great pity. So here and now I am advocating more Liberaces in Great Britain and then perhaps we shall have less mental patients and divorce cases.—Still Hoping. *Leicester Mercury*. (A. G. Dennis.)

Notes on an Underdeveloped Country

How many of us, if we were asked to name an underdeveloped country, would think of Canada? We tend to associate underdevelopment with the overpopulation and exploitation of colonial territories—although Asia and the Middle East are only one part of the problem. I saw something of another part this summer, when I travelled from Toronto to Vancouver trying to learn something of the industrial revolution which, in our lifetime, will probably transform Canada into a great power. Here is a rich country with a territory twice as large as India and a white population not much bigger than that of greater London. As someone wrily remarked to me, "This is South Africa without the natives."

Like us, Canadians are proud of their reserve and condemn boastfulness as an American vice. But they cannot conceal their pride in the sheer size of their Dominion. "A bit bigger than you imagined in the old country," is the almost invariable conversational gambit of the man beside you, as you look down from the Viscount at the kaleidoscope of lakes and prairie plains or look up through the vistadome of the transcontinental train at yet another glacier topping the virgin forests. I spent most of my time west of Winnipeg, and what surprised me was not the size but the savageness of the country. In summer this is not the tourist's first impression. To begin with, it seems quite natural to walk straight out of a luxury hotel into virgin forest and consort with bears and elks; only with an effort do you remember the climate is Siberian and civilised life is wholly artificial. Before the coming of the railways and steam heat, only trappers could survive the winter; and even now, over vast areas civilisation stops a few hundred yards from the railway line. The astonishing thing is not the emptiness of the prairies and the mountains, but the fact that as many as five million people live there, most of them on a higher standard of living than ours. This is a remarkable achievement, for the comparable towns to Edmonton and Vancouver are not Coventry and Plymouth, but Omsk and Vladivostok. To industrialise western Canada is as formidable a job as the industrialisation of Siberia—with the added difficulty that you cannot rely on forced labour but only on immigrants, free to go elsewhere if they choose.

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Canadians must surely be the only people who talk about the weather as much as we do! Our temperament is conditioned by the vagaries of a temperate climate, theirs by the ferocity of a winter which leaves only ninety days of growing season. On the prairies the winter is so horrific that over half the farmers are now central Europeans or Ukrainians—Dukhobors, Maronites and such-like sects. Even they winter in Regina, or even in California, as soon as they can afford it. That is why when you motor across the prairie you scarcely see a farmhouse. It is not the kind of place where you build a home and settle down. Farming, in this part of the world, is not a way of life, as it is in Europe or Quebec, but merely one kind of extractive industry, which is frozen up from October to April. Then why live in anything more expensive than a wooden shack?

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Perhaps this explains one surprising feature of Canadian politics—the absence of an effective farm lobby. Despite the new industrial revolution, Canada is still an agricultural country, with timber products and wheat by far its biggest exports. Yet there is no protection for agriculture, no American "price supports" or British "deficiency payments." The prairie farmer gets the worst of both worlds. He *must* sell his wheat to the Federal Wheat Board, which then disposes of it on the world market. Yet the unstored surplus, which now totals 600,000,000 bushels, is partly carried by him at his own cost. "Strictly regimented *laissez-faire*" is not an unfair description of the Canadian economy today. And if this makes wheat farming unprofitable—well, there are plenty of other ways for the farmer's son to make his pile.

The farmers I talked to accepted this prospect quite philosophically. When I asked a member of the Alberta Farmers' Union executive whether something could not be done to protect his industry and encourage new entrants, he replied, "Our average age in Alberta is 56. Yes, we are dying out; but why *should* we encourage our sons to carry on when there are such opportunities in the towns?" He explained to me how soaring industrial wages have made hired labour virtually unobtainable on the prairies—the few immigrants who start on a farm disappear as soon as they have learnt the language.

This flight from the land has two consequences. In the first place, it retards the development of mixed farming, because the farmer is largely restricted to crops where the machine can completely replace hired labour. Secondly, it is driving the small man out of business. In Saskatchewan (where two-thirds of the wheat is grown) I learnt that, while the normal unit is now about 700 acres—farmed by one man and possibly his son—you can make big money only on a far larger acreage. I heard a not dissimilar story about lumbering in British Columbia. Here, too, the future belongs to the corporation, which can afford the vast overheads required to open up remote virgin forests and install the new type of pulp mills. But whereas, in wheat production, hired labour can be replaced by machinery, it is still essential in lumbering. So, thanks to the efforts of the lumbermen's union, the general wage level of British Columbia is the highest in all Canada; and this, of course, is yet another reason why American big business is taking over from the small Canadian *entrepreneur*.

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Western Canada, in fact, is an almost perfect example of what John Strachey calls "the last stage of capitalism." Here is a colonial territory, with a white settler population and virtually no natives; an underdeveloped economy but without either an indigenous class of peasants or a massive influx of immigrants to provide the cheap labour for its new industries. A race-conscious western democracy (oriental immigration is virtually banned), combined with a savage climate, is making sure that this industrial revolution does not create an urban proletariat. In western Canada everybody is middle-class and a home-owner—or aspires to be so; and this means that the machine must take the place of cheap labour both in industry and on the land. It also means that the industrial revolution must be financed by foreign capital, since no Canadian dreams of tightening his belt or exercising wage restraint in order to provide the capital for his country's development. The price of this one-class society is economic domination by the United States.

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What impressed me was the skill with which the provincial governments are securing their fair share of the golden eggs without scaring the American geese away. Fortunately most of

the mineral, timber and oil rights have belonged, since the turn of the century, to the provincial governments. The foreign investors, therefore, can be encouraged to explore at their own cost, without any surrender of development rights. On oil exploration, for instance, more than a million dollars are being gambled every day in Alberta alone. Once oil is found, the provincial government steps in, and the area is divided on the map into a chequer-board, with four equal squares. The company which struck oil can choose the first two squares; the other two are held by the government—which then leases its squares for 21 years by a strict system of secret tender. So far this system has netted the Albertans over 500,000,000 dollars. Moreover, the monthly production of each oil well is strictly regulated by an all-powerful conservation board, and the provincial government takes a royalty on each barrel, rising to 15 per cent. in the case of the best wells. Of course, the federal government also gets its slice by direct taxation. No wonder I found so little resentment against American economic domination! Unlike the Arabs, the Canadians can see that a large part of the profits of foreign exploitation is going to the people in the form of new roads, schools and social services—not to mention wages and salaries.

* * *

Faced with this expanding economy, the CCF has been doing some very drastic re-thinking. Canadian Socialism became a serious political force during the great depression, and its first stronghold was among the farmers of Alberta and Saskatchewan. Since their own co-operatives and the provincial governments were literally bankrupt, these farmer Socialists not unnaturally took a pessimistic view of the capitalist system when the Regina Manifesto was drafted in 1934. That view persisted even when Mr. Douglas took over the government of Saskatchewan in 1942, which he still holds. Since then the CCF has had its ups and downs—recently mostly downs. It has failed to get a grip in the east, while in the west Social Credit has held Alberta ever since 1936 and now manages British Columbia as well in the interests of the business community. This year the CCF finally decided to rewrite the Regina Manifesto. What was the good of promising to abolish capitalism in a capitalist country, where everyone feels better off than ten years ago and expects to be twice as well off ten years from now? The western farmers may be a depressed section of the community, but they are co-operators at heart, not nationalisers, while the eastern trade unionists want the kind of welfare state and mixed economy for which they believe the British Labour Party stands.

As the only Socialist in power, Mr. Douglas had a decisive influence in framing the new Winnipeg Manifesto this August. He knows that, if he wants the new oil strikes in Saskatchewan to be developed as quickly as those in Alberta, he cannot frighten the oil companies by talk of nationalisation. Canadian Socialism, in fact, must accept foreign capital investment as the motive force of the industrial revolution. Where it can differ from its political opponents and develop a Socialist policy is on two sets of issues: (1) it can demand government planning for curbing the power of the corporations, conserving natural resources and controlling the flow of capital; and (2) it can propose Socialist programmes for the expenditure of the huge and increasing revenues now pouring into the provincial and central exchequers—a national health service, for instance, instead of subsidised private medical practice, and free secondary education for all. "Liberals in a hurry" is what the CCF is now called by its opponents. The jibe should not worry it unduly. Indeed, it describes precisely what Socialism must be in a white man's country, where the Liberal Party has sold out to the business interests even before the industrial revolution is fully under way.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Myth in Action

JOURNALISM being what it is, the Fleet Street man still has that dream in which he is editing (or, even more desirable, owning) a small-town weekly with a "firm policy of no sensationalism, no smut, no concealment of fact, no twisting of news, honest apology in the case of justified complaint, a fair hearing for every man and every family . . . an honest view of public affairs before circulation and next year's dividend." The tawdrily glittering metropolitan prizes will be forsaken because, as a hot-gospeller of my acquaintance used to put it, an honest penny is worth more than a whore's fortune. Part of the value of this fantasy, of course, is that for most it will always be fantasy. When it does realise itself and the Fleet Street man arrives in the provinces with a mission to reform an orthodox and timid weekly, one of those lower-case chronicles of Births, Marriages and Deaths, the results are just about as mixed as you'd expect.

Mr. Claude Morris, from whose manifesto, published as a letter in *The Times*, the above quotation is extracted, is conducting his revolution in the Swansea Valley with the *Llais Llafur* Publishing Company. Mr. Morris, who has a faint American accent and who looks like a tycoon, has twice stood for parliament as a Labour candidate. He is also an ex-*Mirror*, ex-Beaverbrook man who got away. Few areas he might have chosen could have been more suitable than this mining district where volubility is matched by an obsession with local affairs. His paper, now known as the *South Wales Voice*, was the first Labour paper in Wales and began as a Welsh-language weekly in 1898. (It is now, as its posters proclaim, INDEPENDENT, PROGRESSIVE and English-Language.) But, for all that the new *Voice* has tried "to serve truth to the best of our human ability", the most frequent reaction to the new proprietor has been that he should hurry back to Fleet Street. No one has added that celebrated threat to another Englishman that if he didn't move fast "he would leave a head shorter", but the spirit is much the same. Among the disaffected have been those who have met with an unprecedented answer when they have asked that their offences against the law should not be reported; advertisers enraged when their copy has appeared alongside reports of speeches by Communists; and local councillors disgusted at criticism. By and large the tenor of the complaints has been that nothing but embarrassment could result from the application of Fleet Street methods to local affairs. Criticism and unlooked-for prominence, the unexpected discovery of what was thought a private affair splashed prominently across the front page of a newspaper, is a disconcerting experience. The tradition that a newspaper is a vehicle of praise dies hard: "nasty" is what other people are: criticism is something people living elsewhere, like London, deserve. This general enlivening was accompanied both by typographical changes, which make the *Voice* in appearance much like a popular London daily; and, more important, by the extraction of "human interest" from local stories. Thus the tall black headlines: "A WEEK'S WAGES FOR UNLOCKING GATE ONCE A DAY—*Gower Council Job*" or "WIFE FOUND DROWNED—*he didn't know till he read the Sunday papers.*" The photograph splashed on the front page: "*Four-year-old Keith Hopkins with cuddlesome fox cub triplets found deserted by their mother on a mountain near Keith's home.*" The heavy-type leaders which owe something to the *Mirror*, although stylistically the *Express* is never far away: "*Are you hard up, worried or depressed? Count your blessings for these are hard times for many.*"

Many of these leaders are forceful and range from a detailed and rigorous criticism of methods of tendering for local council contracts to a consideration of the moral implications of the H-bomb. Occasionally the reporting smacks of leader-writing, the reporters, who are all young, being given their heads so that the reporter's reaction to a story is held to be as important as the story; the reaction, indeed, often being the story. This is an integral part of the *mystique*. Another, to paraphrase Mr. Morris, is that the people must have a say in the paper. While most London dailies are megaphones through which the proprietor bawls at his audience, the *Voice* is "more like a telephone". There is a busy two-way traffic. In practical terms, this means a pageful of letters, some of them the homely *Pictorial* kind, others acid criticism of local institutions ("COUNCIL JOBS 'FIXED' BY LABOUR GROUP"). Many express pleasure at the *Voice*'s intentions and success. And certainly the *Voice* is a roaring financial success. When taken over, its circulation was 7,000, its advertising revenue £70 a week. The figures last August were 18,000 and £350. A year ago a supplement was launched—the Swansea *Voice*—and if it has a slacker grip on the pulse of the town, this is partly because society is not quite as homogenous in a large town as in the mining valley communities. When you aim at "the people" in Swansea, a great many rapidly get under cover.

The *Voice*, naturally enough, is at its best when it has something to get its teeth into. (Sometimes its technique may lead to bathos: "MYSTERY IN CHURCH HALL" means simply that an amateur theatrical group presented a play.) The recent troubles at the East and Steer pits at Gwaun-cae-Gurwen were reported imaginatively and aggressively in the *Voice*. The miners approved—a group of them told me that the *Voice* is the only honest paper in the country. As a result of its treatment of coalfield affairs the paper, for some reason, no longer receives Coal Board advertising. Mr. Morris says that he will not be intimidated. Of course, there are two ways of looking at this. Coal Board advertising would never compensate for the loss of miners' sympathy and support, since they constitute the *Voice's* market and, by and large, tend to judge a paper by its attitude towards their behaviour.

The *Voice* is at its worst when—in spite of: "We pledged ourselves not to exploit popular ignorance and weakness. We tried as far as we were able to look for accounts of what is fine and noble in human nature"—it nevertheless manages to spread over the front page a report of a court case in which a man had been acquitted of indecent assault. On occasions like this it is difficult to distinguish it from the newspapers with which, in time, it hopes to compete. The proprietor does intend one day to own a national daily. First will come the chain of weekly, provincial *Voices* and then the national *Voice*. But, he adds, if he finds that commercial considerations begin to interfere with editorial standards, then he will abandon his project at once. His aim is reform and only reform. Patently, though, the myth-in-action is not quite the same as the myth.

W. JOHN MORGAN

Francis Williams will resume his "Fleet Street Notebook" next week.

The Passionate Pragmatist

On that night in 1928 when Sir Douglas Hogg accepted a peerage, his eldest son stood in Peckwater Quad and, with tears of exasperation mounting to his eyes, cried: "He's done it without consulting me. It will interfere with my political career".

Quintin McGarel Hogg was then 22 years old and a Christ Church undergraduate. After a brilliant career at Eton, he had been president of the Union, won his First in Mods and was well on his way to the First in Greats and the All Souls fellowship which came in the following year. Besides his obvious abilities he had the family connections which would facilitate a career in the Conservative Party. Yet his absolute assurance that he would have a political career seemed arrogant and his manner of expressing resentment at the prospective interference seemed childishly petulant at the time. It still seemed so in 1950, when both the career and the interference had become a fact.

Indeed, arrogant petulance has spluttered from Quintin Hogg many times before and since. His attack on Joad during a Brains Trust session on the wireless was almost hysterically aggressive, possibly reflecting an earlier clash in the Oxford Union when Joad proposed and Hogg opposed the famous motion that "This House will not fight for King and Country". When his father, Lord Hailsham, died in 1950, Hogg's letters to Mr. Attlee, demanding that steps should be taken to absolve eldest sons of peers from the necessity of succeeding their fathers in the House of Lords were so rude in wording and so peremptory in tone that even the best disposed Prime Minister would have wanted to throw them in the waste-paper basket. The manner of his attack on the government's proposals for commercial television was so unrestrained—"gratuitously insulting", Lord Salisbury called it—that he swung at least some of the many waverers into line behind the government.

Looking back on himself as a child, the second Lord Hailsham said that he was a "horrible little boy". No one could describe him as horrible in middle age; but few would say that he has lost all the immaturities of childhood. That anticipatory giggle before he tells a joke, the quick temper which sometimes makes him blurt out words and phrases he probably did not intend, the physical tangle into which he sometimes gets himself when his notes for a speech are particularly voluminous, sometimes make him look an absurdity. He stands in his place in Commons or Lords, flushed, aggressively high-pitched and untidy, like a political Billy Bunter. It may be that these superficial immaturities, this apparent lack of balance, stem from the peculiarities of his childhood. His father, for whom he had particularly deep feeling, had been outstandingly successful both at the Bar and in politics. From his earliest days the son wanted to emulate the father, and this desire to get on perhaps made him "cocky" as a boy and assertive as a man. Further, his grandfather, who founded the Polytechnic, was almost worshipped as a saint, and though the young Quintin never knew him, he was very conscious of the portrait which hung above the nursery mantelpiece. Whenever he did anything which was considered naughty, he was assured that he was causing his dead grandfather great pain. Possibly such assurances spurred him to still greater naughtiness in childhood and still leave him in middle age with an uncontrollable impulse to put out his tongue. Whatever the cause of his immaturities, it is obvious that they persist. It is equally obvious that if strangers took them for more than a fraction of the whole man they would totally misunderstand him.

Some interpretations of his public political record could be equally misleading. For example, he has generally advocated a "firm" line in foreign affairs. He was a passionate advocate of fighting for King and Country in 1933, he urged the government to be tough with Mossadeq over Persian oil in 1951 and, quite recently, was one of those who wanted immediate and sharp action against Colonel Nasser over Suez. Yet he first came into national prominence, in the Oxford by-election of 1938, as the champion of Neville Chamberlain's policy of appeasement. Again, he opposed the idea of commercial television so fiercely, mainly on the grounds that it would lower public standards. Yet he strongly supported Mr. Macmillan's Premium Bonds and, typically, accused the Archbishop of Canterbury of heresy for his criticisms of those bonds. None of this suggests that there is much consistency or principle about Lord Hailsham's politics; and, superficially, there is not. He does not wish his party to be ruled, and is not himself ruled, by abstract *political* principles. He believes in the ability of the British people to evolve, by trial and error, a way of life superior to others in the world. He believes that every section, even the Socialists and maybe even the Communists, can and do contribute to that evolution. He feels that it is the Conservative Party's job not to produce long-term policies or to set long-term idealistic goals, but to recognise the good which emerges from trial and error and to adopt it as its own. He opposed the latest attempt to abolish capital punishment, not

because of any principle, not from any conviction that hanging was good, but because he did not think that the time was yet ripe for abolition, that the process of trial and error had yet produced a reasonably certain conclusion. Nowadays, too, he will justify his support for Chamberlain's appeasement policy, not on principle, but solely on the grounds that it gave us time to prepare ourselves to stand up for what was right. His politics, therefore, are a mixture of expediency and detachment, the whole suffused by a deep love for and faith in Britain as she has unfolded in the course of centuries. That faith—plus the fact that he is such a warm-hearted, frank and jovial fellow—explain why he is almost universally popular.

But even that is not the whole man or anything like it. Like most Conservatives, he thinks that government can best be done by one class, the natural rulers. But he believes in the obligation of service as well as in the privilege of government. As a member of parliament he was under no outward compulsion to enlist in the army; but he was already in the Rifle Brigade when war broke out and only returned to parliamentary duties after he had been seriously wounded in the Western Desert. He is caustically contemptuous of smart financiers and tax-evading industrialists who take a living from the community without adding anything to the community in return—and the fact that some such men are substantial contributors to Conservative Party funds only increases the violence of his condemnation. He brought the case against Garry Allighan to the House of Commons, not because Allighan was a Socialist, but because he was an M.P. and Hailsham considered that he had lowered the standards of public life. In similar circumstances he would almost certainly have taken the same action against one of his Conservative colleagues.

This overriding determination that public and, indeed, private life must be based on firm moral standards comes in part from his love of Britain and his anxiety that nothing should be done to make her less deserving of such love. But it also comes from something still deeper. In his childhood he absorbed the atmosphere of religion and in boyhood he actively sought religion, partly as a refuge from the bullying, the uncertainties and the sense of personal inadequacy which sometimes afflict those who go to preparatory schools. Religion has remained with him, not as a solace for superficial woes, but as a deep conviction. Outwardly he expresses this conviction in terms of the Ten Commandments—Thou shalt not steal. . . . Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods. . . . Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself—which seem to justify the combination of belief in economic inequality and social privilege with the obligations of service which goes into Hailsham's high-minded Conservatism. These are his rocks. He stands by *Deuteronomy*, Verse 2 Chapter 4, which enjoins us neither to add to nor subtract from these Commandments and from them he finds not only a moral basis for conduct but an anchor in a shifting universe.

Despite his great intellectual qualities, despite his long service in parliament, despite his short but not undistinguished experience as Joint Under-Secretary for Air in the Caretaker government, Hailsham was given no office when the Conservatives returned to power in 1951. This may have been a consequence of a typically explosive attack he had made on the leadership of Sir Winston Churchill as Leader of the Opposition after the war. Whatever the reason for his exclusion, he showed no bitterness, though he had to watch while men less experienced than he, and much less able, were steadily promoted. He seemed to have drawn from his religion an awareness of the unimportance of personal ambitions; and if, now that he is restored to office as First Lord of the Admiralty, he can find from his religion the balance that he has so far lacked, he may achieve the kind of success which will satisfy his own high standards and which would have pleased his grandfather.

MIND

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CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER 1956

ARTICLES

Singular Terms, Ontology and Identity — P. F. STRAWSON
Natural Inference — ROMANE CLARK
Synonymity: Extensional Isomorphism — M. E. OLDS
On the Irrelevance of Free-will to Moral Responsibility, and the Vacuity of the Latter — W. I. MATSON
On the relation of Explanation to Description — B. ELLIS

DISCUSSIONS

A Note on Deontic Logic and Derived Obligation — G. H. VON WRIGHT
'Proper Objects' — J. H. WOODGER
Linguistic Performances and Descriptive Meaning — D. D. RAPHAEL
Logos and Forms in Plato: A Reply to Professor Cross — R. S. BLUCK
'Fitting' as a Semantical Predicate — H. HOCHBERG
Professor Gallie on Necessary and Sufficient Conditions — A. MONTEFIORE
The Empiricist Theory of Memory — E. J. FURLONG
A Correction to Von Wright's Decision Procedure for the Deontic System P — D. MEREDITH

CRITICAL NOTICE

Bertrand Russell, *Human Society in Ethics and Politics* — R. EDGLEY

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At first sight Julien's complexion makes you feel by comparison pallidly unhealthy. His light blue eyes, simultaneously acquisitive and generous, and his pale blue much-washed shirt perhaps exaggerate his colour, but anyway his cheeks seem as red as poppies. He has big hands and his nails, like those of all manual workers, are the shape of round broad spades. This summer on the soft inside part of one of his arms he had a red scar—quickly healed because of the salt-water—where an oyster shell had cut-deep. The Charente coast was a Hugenot stronghold; and so, brought up in a protestant tradition, Julien is keenly anti-clerical. He is a born leader. He has that ability to encompass the activity he is engaged upon and by this encompassing to make the other people involved feel secure. Beside his wife his expansiveness is even further exaggerated. Then he is like a great swinging lantern, whereas she is as sharp and concentrated as a spark.

On the quay at Bourcefranc harbour early in the morning he is the man you first notice as soon as you begin to distinguish any individual from the crowd. Although he is by no means fat, he seems to stand on more ground than the others. During the summer his wife works with him. In her slim trousers, and with her sun glasses and air of concentration, she looks more like a student than the daughter of generations of oyster-fishers. With her are Madeleine and Hubert whom Julien employs all the year round. Madeleine, fiftyish, and strong and comfortable as a Shakespearian nurse, wears countless layers of clothes, changes into her trousers on deck and roars with tickling laughter when she wades through water up to her middle. Hubert, about thirty-five, has several teeth missing, wants to learn Spanish in order to emigrate to South America, and has the fearless but sleepy and unhappy eyes of the inveterate womaniser.

The boats bang against each other. Some are loaded with piles of slates strung on wire and separated by old oyster shells with holes drilled through them—these are the "collectors" on which the very young oysters or "the spat" first gather; some are loaded with small oysters which have been prised off the "collectors" and are being taken out to the *parcs*, still submerged under the sea, where they will have more space to grow; other boats are loaded with hazel branches to lay on the mud to prevent the oysters sinking in and suffocating. Today we on the *Jean-Pierre* are away first because we have no freight. We are going out to bring back four-year-old oysters to put into the *clairs*: the *clairs*, the unique feature of French oyster culture, are artificial pools of undisturbed water, dug inland along the coast marshes and very rich in diatom, which is what fattens the oysters and incidentally gives them their characteristic green colour. Individual *ostréiculteurs* follow, like farmers, slightly different methods, but the cycle naturally remains the same: the supplying of clean-surfaced material for the "collecting"—one oyster spawns millions of eggs but only a fraction of these are fertilised and survive as spat: the later distribution of the young oysters to give them space and the maximum warmth for growth: the final fattening in the *clairs* (altogether it takes four to five years to produce a good eating oyster) and the constant guarding against mud, sand, cold and pollution. All the oyster beds in France are owned by the state and are regularly inspected. If the standard of "hygiene" is inadequate, the lease is taken away.

Madame Julien, Madeleine and I sit together on the deck with a tarpaulin over our shoulders against the spray for the sea outside the harbour is what Julien calls *pas gentil*. Hubert disappears to work the engine because the throttle sticks, and Julien stands with the tiller between his huge yellow wading boots, shouting to the other boats and heading us towards the Ile d'Aix.

Almost as far as this island and the Ile d'Oleron, very thin saplings appear to grow out of the sea. As the waves hit them or the boats ride over them, they bend or disappear altogether to spring up again a second later. Their purpose is to mark each fisherman's site. About a mile and a half out we cast anchor ourselves and wait for the tide as the day gets up its heat.

There are three ways of getting out of the boats and of avoiding being sucked into the quicksand. You can either use a dinghy, while there is still enough water to float it, and row over to where you know it is firm. Or you can fix square boards to the bottom of your boots which act like snow shoes. Or you can squat on an upturned table—as in the child-kitchen days when it was a battleship—and be pushed sledge-like over the mud,

which is so greasy that the resistance is almost nil. Julien transports the women and myself in the last way, striding as though in slow motion. But when once we are there, standing on our feet, everything is speeded up.

My job is to knock off medium-sized oysters from whatever they are attached to, with a small light hammer one end of which is pointed like a pick. Needless to say I break the first six open and hide them guiltily in the mud. After ten minutes my gloves—the shells grow long razor-sharp frills rather like ruffs—are covered with slime so that everything slips out of my hands and I have to stop to wash them in a clear pool. The others avoid getting messy like this.

Each of them works in a characteristic way. Madame Julien hammers very swiftly and deftly but as though she were steeling herself—perhaps because of her fear of the sea. Julien strides about examining this and that, and when he works at something particular, does it with the offhand confidence of a big man doing a job which is a little too small for him. (In the winter when the same jobs are done in rough weather he must need all his strength.) Hubert puts himself a little apart from everybody else as though it were not quite seemly to be seen working with women. "The General," who has rowed over to work with us in return for the occasional loan of Julien's boat, proceeds with the painful, skilful ease of an old man. Madeleine carries on like a city washer-woman—automatically, talking all the time. Every so often she discovers a crab beneath a stone and before putting it into her basket for supper, holds it up for us to see, and smiles from shoulder to shoulder.

All over the sea-bed people are now working. Some of their voices are lost in the haze and thick heat; others mysteriously carry, like voices that follow the sunk paths across a moor. There are no birds. But everywhere there is a cavern sea smell—the smell that is preserved in the oysters even when opened in the furthest restaurant. After three hours the returning tide is up to our knees; but hot as horses that have been galloped we welcome it, and the women, laughing, cling on to the men as we pick our way back to the dinghy. Hubert is happy because he has a woman to lift up and squeeze, instead of one merely working by his side.

Like most people who start work early out-of-doors and then stop for lunch, everyone now behaves as if it were temporarily the evening. In the afternoon work must continue in the black creosoted *cabanes* that stand all along the coast marshes; old oyster shells must be drilled, "collectors" restrung on wire, wood fetched from farmers, and if this were not the breeding season, the day's haul would have to be sorted out into five different categories of size and quality, packed into boxes and dispatched by train to the cities. The price for the *ostréiculteur* is between £3 and £7 a 1,000. The afternoon, however, is still a meal away and gossip begins.

An hour later we are sitting under a vine trellis in Julien's garden. We are hungry, the meal is French and the white wine has stood in the cold bucket under the sink where we washed and shared a comb. We confess, argue, tease. I look round the table. Madame Julien, without anybody noticing when, has changed from her blue trousers into a skirt. Hubert is for once relaxed. "The General" is eating with sixty years discrimination behind him. (For my benefit there are oysters, but usually they don't bother to eat them.) Madeleine looks as happy as if she had caught a crab. Julien is husband, master, employer, host. I let myself think that their's is not a bad life. But within five minutes Julien pulls his chair nearer to mine and tells me confidentially that

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in two or three years—if they are good ones—he plans to leave Bourcefranc and set up as a fishmonger in Le Mans. "I shall keep my grounds here," he explains, "but somebody else will work them—I shall sell the produce. Commerce is what I really like. It's what interests me. And then, this life it's harsh and primitive, and it's not fair on my wife." Pretty, docile, industrious, the child of oyster people, the wife of a successful *ostréiculteur*, she might, as she leans across the table to listen, contradict. But she does not.

JOHN BERGER

The Arts and Entertainment

The Bolshoi Theatre Ballet

THE Bolshoi Ballet is monumental. The solid weight of two hundred years of tradition can be felt behind the enormous productions that are presented in Moscow on a stage far bigger than Covent Garden. But it is here, at the Royal Opera House, that the company is now playing, on a tour that, for the first time, takes it outside the U.S.S.R. This monumental artistic structure, and the inherent discipline needed to keep it together, is beyond the European conception of ballet. Not for nothing did a martinet Tzar of the late eighteenth century have his *corps de ballet* drilled to do military steps with military precision; nor, later, the great Didelot punish even his soloists. It is recorded that in St. Petersburg:

> Under a burst of applause a dancer withdrew into the wings. Didelot was watching for her there. He grabbed her by the shoulders, shook her like a plum tree, showered her with insults and, with a thump on the back, shoved her back on to the stage to take another bow. Often he could be seen running in the wings after some victim who thought to escape him.

His enthusiasm was combined with the ability to create heroic ballets which would include a battle, six tableaux, a mechanical sunrise and sunset, an earthquake, a volcanic eruption, the destruction of the Sun's temple and, even, dancing as well.

The Russians have always enjoyed ballet of the most finished and spectacular kind, and Leonid Lavrovsky's *Romeo and Juliet* is in this tradition—better known to us from *The Sleeping Princess*, *Swan Lake* and *Esmeralda*. In *Romeo and Juliet* the difference, choreographically, is that there is no classical dancing, in fact almost no dancing at all, the weight of the story being expressed in action and mime. The curtain rises on a great, realistic, renaissance setting of Verona, the carved doors of the houses of Montague and Capulet on either side, with steps and statues and vistas behind. The servants come out and dance a little, and at once we see the generous arm movements, that are so strikingly beautiful and typical of the Russian school. The street-fight follows and the stage fills. It is like the opening of an opera, so set and so conventional are the ideas of production. Yet it is apparent at once that each motion is carefully planned, the figures moving in exact patterns with exact gestures, building up the tension, until the violent sword-fights are broken by the entrance of the Prince of Verona.

The management of these big scenes, the accurate disorder of the common people and the stuffy, formal sumptuousness of the banqueting upper classes, have a breadth of design that is the outstanding virtue of Lavrovsky's work. So far as the actual dancing goes, he is feeble. Juliet is given only two steps which seem to convey her state of mind: she runs and does a spacious jump that may depict either despair or joy, and she stands in an arabesque and raises her arms, no less equivocally. This lack of invention slows up Juliet's scenes, and if poorly played they would indeed be unbearably boring. I do not think this weakness has anything to do with Prokofiev's competent score, which is best where the choreography is worst. Generally it is in the crowd ensembles that the music lacks vitality, while during the intimate crises with only a few characters, Prokofiev shows just the emotional subtlety that Professor Lavrovsky misses.

And yet the ballet of *Romeo and Juliet* stands out as a harmonious and brilliant production. This is almost entirely due to the dancers, whose standard of professionalism is above any I have seen since Diaghileff directed his company. Such concentration, even from the least member standing at the back, barely seen, is unknown in our own ballet companies. It so strengthens and focuses the attention of the audience on the central action that the illusion is always held. Thus the story never comes out of its frame: the girls do not suddenly leer at the auditorium as they sweep round the stage, the boys do not stand sloppily waiting till it is time for their next move. These Russian dancers act absolutely directly and seriously.

Notice, too, the way in which they wear their clothes. They appear to have worn them—whether gilded gowns or beggars' rags—all their lives. There is not a sign of posturing or preening. Such self-control is only learnt through training, but the degree of coherence which this enormous company achieves is most impressive. The costumes are dignified and match the architectural sets. Only Juliet's little shift is out of place, looking like something Isadora Duncan left behind by accident on one of her tours. The décor as a whole has so much simple stateliness that its stuffy, old-fashioned effects are a positive quality and give weight to the atmosphere of tragedy.

Ulanova's appearance and personality are altogether most strange, considering the essentially exhibitionist nature of a prima ballerina's calling. She looks like a prim little governess, quiet and shy, given to moral uplift and with a love of poetry. There is a pale, poking, primrose look to her face, sometimes sweet, sometime taut and reserved; but there is always a sense of deep sadness, like a child in a Victorian novel who is too good for this world. Combined with the pallor and virtue there is a pungent intensity, a strength of mind that holds all our attention when she is on the stage. Her Juliet is virginal and light, elated with love but never with passion. When Romeo leaves her bedroom after their night together she is marvellously touching in her loneliness and wan sorrow. It is such a humble, sinless sorrow that when she stamps her little foot and braves her father the audience is as shocked as he. Her dancing (such as there is) is still lithe and expert, with the fine long leap that the Russians teach better than anyone else. But although Ulanova can act a romantic drama with exquisite skill, she seems made for the lyrical and fey, born to dance in the sexless world of sylphs and willis.

From the rest of the company there is exceptional acting, besides two delightful moments of dancing from Nina Christova, as Juliet's Friend. The Nurse is a mountain of ripe flesh, full of simple love and simple cunning. Lady Capulet is severe and worldly, without being quite heartless, and Tybalt is such a villain as to convince the most cynical. It is rare to see from a whole company acting of this intensity, a highly conventional type of acting, such as went out of fashion in England about fifty years ago. Its strength, by comparison with the more nervous modern style, is overpowering. Seeing the Bolshoi Ballet company perform *Romeo and Juliet*, we seemed to have been transported back into the nineteenth century, when the theatre was designed for a bolder and less self-conscious society.

ANNABEL FARJEON

Anniversary Week

THE BBC has never been one to hide its light under a bushel, and there is nothing it enjoys so much as a jolly good resounding celebration of its own excellences. Certainly it had all the goods in the shop-window for the tenth anniversary of the Third Programme. Nearly all the revered names, the old Third reliables and practically the whole bench of literary bishops were there: Forster, Nicolson, Graves, Sassoon, Auden, Spender, Plomer, Cocteau, Sacheverell Sitwell, Beerbohm speaking from beyond the tomb. All it lacked was a few well-chosen words by Mr. Eliot; but, perhaps to make up for this, we had the first of a series of four massive feature programmes on Gandhi, Mr. Dudley Fitts's version of *The Frogs*, a dramatisation of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* in two parts, a new morality play by Mr. George Barker, an adaptation of Lowes Dickinson's *A Modern Symposium*, and a serial by Messrs. Angus Wilson and Christopher Sykes. And, of course, music. But there, though I listen with pleasure I am incompetent to comment.

I find I listened—since even a radio critic must take time off to eat, read to the children and attend to the other necessary business of life—to about half of what the BBC calls the Spoken Word during the Third's anniversary week. What I did not manage to hear are, of course, precisely those things that I wish I had heard: Mrs. Dorothy Baker's feature *Guest and Stranger*, the Gandhi programme and Mr. Barker's *Seraphina*. But I do not think my having missed them affects the first question the anniversary celebrations prompt, which is, How far did the goods on display represent what you can buy inside the shop in the normal course of things? I think the answer is simple: they were a pretty faithful representation.

Whether you like the goods is another matter. The week seemed to me to contain more than the usual proportion of *ersatz* material. There was, for instance, besides *A Modern Symposium*, the play *Stephen Dedalus*, based on *A Portrait of the Artist* and *Stephen Hero*. Now I have no criticism of the way in which the play was done; the adaptation had obviously been made with loving fidelity. But was it worth doing at all? *A Portrait of the Artist* is a novel that everyone who reads modern literature knows; it's one of the unavoidable books of our time. Obviously a great part of its complexity and richness must go in a dramatisation. In this instance, the character of Stephen was softened, it seemed to me, almost out of recognition. In fact, I don't quite see what the play could have meant to anyone who did not know the original; and knowing the original, one could only be irritated by the whole business. It wasn't a travesty: it was a pale carbon copy of selected passages, of what Hollywood calls the plot-line; but in Joyce, as in any other good novelist, the plot-line is not the only important thing.

I see that during the next three months we are to have dramatisations of *The Princess Casamassima* and Professor Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings*, and naively I wonder why. What good cause does the Third think it's promoting by these adaptations? Adaptations in the Home and Light Programmes seem to me an entirely different matter. There, however incidentally, there is a "missionary" effect: listeners are being introduced to work they have probably never read, and it may be that they will be so excited by a dramatisation as to read it in its true form. But it may surely be assumed that Third listeners can read anyway, and since, as the week's programmes showed, the bias of the Third is literary, that its listeners will probably have read the novels being adapted in any case. If they have not read *The Princess Casamassima* they'll be much more likely to be moved to do so by hearing a reading of Trilling's essay on the novel than by listening to something that is almost bound to be inferior to the original work.

The real reason for these adaptations, I suppose, is simply that somehow programme time must be filled up and there is not enough original material being written for it. But why should the Third necessarily run night after night from 6 o'clock to 11.30? If the material isn't always there, would there be loss if from time to time programmes began at 7 or ended at 10? I find the Third invaluable; but what I find invaluable in it are the programmes I can't get anywhere else. Of the programmes last week, I am grateful, for example, to have been able to hear Dudley Fitts's translation of *The Frogs*. What other chance, except through the agency of the Third, has one of becoming acquainted with it? I am grateful, too, for having had the chance to hear Miss Helen Gardner's brilliant first talk on *The Limits of Literary Criticism*, which linked up, in the most stimulating way, nineteenth-century biblical criticism with modern literary practice, as I am grateful for having heard Mr. Stuart Hampshire's appreciation of the late Humphry House. In another field, I am glad to have heard the contrasted Mahler recordings in the *Composer and Interpreter* series. How else, again, would I have been likely to hear them?

Work, then, that one can't get anywhere else is what one wants from the Third; that and work that exists primarily in terms of the medium itself, as I think does William Plomer's talk *South Africa Revisited*. Then one wants, much more than one ever gets, controversy. I regretted that last week there were no analytical philosophers bashing away at metaphysicians, though Miss Scrutton's tearing review of the *New Outline of Modern Knowledge* was an acceptable substitute. What I don't want, after listening to Messrs. Wilson and Sykes's *Memoirs of Mrs. Cramp*, are any more attempts at humour. The Third trying, as children say, to be funny is a lamentable spectacle, the memory of which is best repressed as speedily as possible.

WILLIAM SALTER

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A Pastoral Opera

LENNOX BERKELEY'S one-act opera, *Ruth*, was given its first performance at the Scala Theatre on October 2nd. One can see why, at first glance, the pastoral, idyllic subject should have attracted the composer and his librettist, Eric Crozier, since it suits both the chamber-music resources of the English Opera Group, who had commissioned the work, and the musical personality of the composer. It is not so easy to see why the totally undramatic nature of the story, which is obvious to every spectator and must have been no less so to the authors, did not strike them as a serious disadvantage.

What we all remember from the Book of Ruth is its pathos and its poetry: the steadfast nobility of Ruth, her great outburst of affection for Naomi, her sorrowful loneliness "amid the alien corn"; possibly also the strange nocturnal approach to Boaz which inspired Hugo's famous poem. All this is ideal for music; and upon much of it Berkeley has fastened to beautiful effect, especially in his opening scene, the return of the three bereft women from Moab to Judah. But the conclusion is dramatically lame, and some of the lameness has got into the musical invention. In the Bible, the story peters out into a somewhat obscure ritual of "obligatory marriage with deceased kinsman's wife". Crozier has naturally steered clear of the legalistic elements in this ending; but he has done nothing to remedy the lack of conflict or surprise. Perhaps nothing much *could* have been done, short of inventing subsidiary characters and amorous intrigue in the naive old nineteenth-century manner. But it might have been possible to contrive a less prosaic ending, an atmosphere more mysterious and more grandly prophetic of what was to spring from this pastoral union. The last and longest of the three scenes consists largely of choral harvest celebrations. There are some beautiful pages here, notably a long winding legato melody for the women, "Across the field"; but the general tone is that of a homely harvest cantata. Without any risk of pretentiousness, composer and librettist might perhaps have illuminated their rural scene with something of the transfiguring emotion that we feel in Samuel Palmer; and they might have allowed themselves also, without irreverence, some enkindling reference, at the very end, to the Tree of Jesse and all that it would mean to Judah and to Christendom.

Something of all this, perhaps, is adumbrated in the noble music of Boaz's final solo ("Behold this maid") and the ensemble into which it leads; but the effect is not decisively made, and it is quickly dissipated by the more commonplace jubilation of the final chorus.

The best of the opera, as I have suggested, lies in its first scene, throughout which the composer maintains a single lyrical impulse with admirable consistency of style, and without any hint of monotony. Here, as in the whole opera, he scores for his modest orchestra (strings, two flutes, horn, piano, percussion) with fine judgment and a delicate ear for texture; what is still more striking is his complete reliance on vocal melody to carry the weight of the emotion. Not for a long time, surely, has any opera opened with so direct and unambiguous a melody as Naomi's "Once more I see your green and golden hills, O Judah!"; as delivered by Una Hale in a strong and pure legato, it held the house as only pure melody can. At once, moreover, the composer showed his skill by the way in which he introduced the voices of the two daughters-in-law, in imitation, at the end of Naomi's phrases. Very simple and effective, again, was the naively sorrowful departure of Orpah: the rocking accompaniment to her quiet aria of farewell, the trills for the flutes in thirds which eloquently accompanied her last backward looks. As in late Fauré, the melodic invention is not always very strong, but the handling is so resourceful and so fluent that the spell remains unbroken. Ruth's "Whither thou goest, I will go" hardly does full justice, it is true, to one of the most famous passages in the Bible; but Naomi's brief aria, "Ah, call me not Naomi; let Mara be my name", is an exquisite expression of contained grief, in which the stylistic parallel with Fauré is particularly marked. The other main influence on the style of *Ruth* is that of Britten, and it is impossible not to think of the fresher melodies of the *Gloriana* masque while listening to Berkeley's harvest choruses; or of many of Britten's tenor roles while listening to the music allotted to Boaz. Though there are some pleasing duets between him and Ruth, Boaz cannot be called a success; without some kind of embroidery by the librettist he was bound to remain a lay figure.

Charles Mackerras conducted a very smooth performance, notable for the excellence of Una Hale as Naomi, of Peter Pears as Boaz, and of Anna Pollak as Ruth; Miss Pollak not only sang beautifully, but never put a foot wrong dramatically. Ceri Richards designed a striking mosaic backcloth of yellow cornfields, but his dresses were more peculiar than beautiful, like some of the wilder fantasies seen at a Chelsea Arts Ball.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Attack!

ATTACK! at the London Pavilion, is not a good film. It is a bad film. I would even say an exceptionally disagreeable film. But as the work of one of the few younger directors to fight their way to prominence in Hollywood during the last few years, it has a certain importance.

We tend to breathe more easily now, and feel that the worst of the witch-hunting is past; but we should not forget that circumstances still combine against fresh talent in the American cinema. The increasing rarity of the modestly budgeted picture makes it difficult for new directors to get a start: not unnaturally the large-scale cinemascope pageants are more readily entrusted to the old and commercially proved. But even more restrictive, one suspects, is the continued, cramping stress on social orthodoxy, the fear of the controversial, which continues to favour the safe and the established, at the expense of those who might try to make something positive and socially creative out of the cinema. American films continue to be produced in a Hollywood which has either expelled its progressive artists, or stifled them. Larry Adler's name has still to be excised from copies of *Genevieve* in American cinemas; and despite the success of *Rififi*, Jules Dassin must continue to work in Europe.

What sort of talent can we expect to force itself forward in such a climate? Robert Aldrich, who produced and directed *Attack!*, is an interesting example. He cannot be called a conformist: indeed his theme is revolt. *Attack!* was produced independently; although it is a war picture, it had to be made without co-operation from the War Department, and the battle scenes had to be shot with a single tank. Last year, in *The Big Knife*, it was Hollywood itself he was defying. Even the two assignments with which he started his career as a director (*Apache* and *Vera Cruz*, for the Hecht-Lancaster company), though probably not his personal choice, significantly stressed the rebellious individual. But it would be hasty to accept this alone as a sign of health.

Attack! is slickly, tautly, expertly made; Aldrich is a good, though not a subtle, technician. But what does it say? Ostensibly it is a film about integrity versus corruption. An American army unit in the advance through Germany is commanded by a vain, unscrupulous coward, already responsible for needless casualties. His junior officers complain to the battalion commander, but without avail: back home, the Captain's father is a man of influence, and though the commander is quite aware of his incompetence, he is more interested in the possibilities of post-war string-pulling. The fatal conflict is between the Captain and his most refractory Lieutenant (Jack Palance), a cynical platoon commander, betrayed once too often, and determined on vengeance. This situation is worked out in very theatrical terms—the script is in fact a pretty straight adaptation from

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a poor play—with a great deal of tense dialogue and emotionalism. The climax is a ridiculous-revolting scene in which the Lieutenant, at point of death (we have just seen him crushed under a tank), drags himself across the floor, vainly grabbing for a revolver which the sneering Captain keeps continuously beyond his reach with a series of contemptuous little kicks.

It is the tone rather than the content of this film which is disquieting. As in *The Big Knife*, the mood is one of hysteria. Palance, who is supposed to stand for honesty and decency, in fact behaves like a storm-trooper; and although the Captain is plainly exposed as a pitiable, psychopathic wreck, the film's attitude towards him is that of a boot to a worm. The human observation is continuously false, and Aldrich's soldiers fight their war in a stagy and ludicrous way. War is only interesting in this context as an excuse for violence: Palance's whole snarling performance is characteristic. To see this callow sensationalism and sentimentality palmed off as a courageous protest against injustice is insupportable.

LINDSAY ANDERSON

Round the Galleries

I MUST admit to finding, after a year's absence, a tour of the West End galleries a tame affair. The realists, who are the most interesting recent development in English painting, are represented by Jack Smith at the Beaux Arts Gallery. Apart from this, the exhibitions seem to fall clearly into two categories, those of unassuming painters like Henry Inlander, Edmond Kapp and Lewin Bassingthwaite at the Leicester Galleries, and Richard Butler at Walker's, all quietly painting in a naturalistic tradition, and those of the more important painters who have turned abroad for inspiration. What strikes one most forcibly is the impact which de Staël, and to a lesser extent the American painters, have had on English artists during the last four years. In the exhibition chosen by Sir Herbert Read for Tooth's, the works of Ben Nicholson and Victor Pasmore, which still relate most closely to post-Cubist experiments of the Nineteen-tens and Twenties, are succeeded by the progressively more brilliant, violent and impasted canvases of younger abstract and semi-abstract painters.

Among these painters is William Scott, whose one-man show occupies the Hanover Gallery until October 26th. Two small still-lifes, not hung, but listed in the catalogue and visible on request, serve to refresh one's memory of Mr. Scott's earlier work; one of them, a painting of a frying-pan and some herrings, has some of the restraint and formal clarity of Derain's best painting. Since then, however, Mr. Scott's work has been transformed. There is a strong flavour of de Staël, and in the figure work one is reminded often of Dubuffet. The recent canvases are large, crudely coloured and much more freely executed. But the transformation is not a happy one. The outside influences are poorly assimilated. Mr. Scott remains best in the smallest canvases. The series of large nudes is characterised by a certain coarseness and vulgarity, and the drawings in this series make one wonder if Mr. Scott's technique is always adequate to the demands made on it, an impression confirmed by the single naturalistic drawing in the exhibition.

Paul Feiler, whose recent works are on view at the Redfern Gallery, has also clearly been much influenced by de Staël, and this has completed his development into a fully abstract painter (although titles such as *Newlyn Forms* suggest that natural forms still provide the initial inspiration). Here the influence has been fully absorbed and transformed into a painting that remains purely English. Mr. Feiler is a painter of sensitivity and taste; his canvases are carefully composed and the colour is gentle and pleasing. The paintings radiate somehow an air of humility. But if Mr. Feiler is more successful in realising his aims than Mr. Scott, he ventures less.

At the Whitechapel Art Gallery there is a large retrospective exhibition of paintings by Merlyn Evans, a painter who fits into a wider tradition than most English artists. He appears to have found himself with remarkable speed, and the first canvases, of the early Thirties (many of which are shown for the first time), show him as a highly accomplished painter with a remarkable ability for interpreting abstract concepts in plastic terms. *Day and Night* is one of the finest paintings in the exhibition, and the *Conquest of Time* justifies the pretensions of its title. *Abstraction: Beechwood in Moonlight* fuses English lyricism and poetry to a pictorial structure as rigid as that of any Frenchman. During the succeeding years the Surrealist strain in Mr. Evans's work began to predominate, while a trip to South Africa fundamentally altered his palette. The most elaborate and highly coloured paintings of this period are also the least satisfactory. Mr. Evans's imagination is not of a kind best suited to literary subjects; his gifts are more purely plastic. Contemporary political affairs have obviously influenced his choice of subject-matter, but the fact remains that a highly abstracted painting of a warehouse, austere in colour, is infinitely more compelling than a large painting like *The Trial. The Execution*, still more abstract, and again sombre in colour, has a truly frightening impact. The later paintings, based on forms derived from dockside impressions and industrial forms, show a return to more purely pictorial considerations, while the last canvases move back to total abstraction, although once again they are looser and more expressionistic than the abstractions of the Thirties. Various figures—Chirico, Wyndham Lewis, Sutherland, and more recently perhaps Soulages and the American Expressionists—can be seen moving behind Mr. Evans's paintings; but his work remains individual throughout. The graphic work shown is of the highest quality: the pencil drawings have some of the purity and restraint of Gris. Mr. Evans has been alive to many of the largest issues in modern art. Formal abstraction satisfies him only for limited periods; he is aware of the necessity of trying to humanise his painting, of trying to place it in some wider context. A study of twenty-five years of his work can help one to appreciate some of the problems of today's painting.

JOHN GOLDING

The Saint of Lime Grove

BOTH artistically and technically, Gian-Carlo Menotti's music-drama, *The Saint of Bleecker Street*, is one of the BBC's most notable achievements to date. Mr. Rudolph Cartier is an extraordinarily skilful producer. Much of this work's compelling effect is due to its almost continuous, but varied, crowd scenes: a mob of fanatically superstitious New York Neapolitans struggling to touch a young girl who sees visions and receives the stigmata; a street procession with white-cowled religious and a briskly secular brass band against a sleazy, neon-lit background; a long room packed with neighbours and nuns attending the stigmatist's profession. In all these sequences you are conscious of a large number of people, intensely alive, often in violent motion. Yet Mr. Cartier's resourcefulness is such that this material is organised perfectly within the small screen: the people in the crowd are never remote and tiny, you are among them, their faces are in close-up, you can almost sense the garlic on their breath.

Moreover, the settings look so authentic that at first I kept on thinking that the BBC must have bought an American film of exceptional merit. Not at all: *The Saint* was done at BBC Studios, partly live, partly on film; and the music was played by the London Symphony Orchestra.

The casting of Miss Virginia Copeland (who also played in the stage version) as the stigmatist was another stroke of genius. It would have been so easy, and obvious, and wrong, to pick someone

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ethereal and "spiritual"-looking. Miss Copeland is not pretty. Her beauty (at least on this occasion) is that of the earthy Latin peasant: she has a square pugilistic jaw, fine anxious eyes, and good strong teeth; and she looks shabby, in what must be rust-coloured or greenish black, not "picturesque." This makes all the more startling her appearance in the last scene as a bride of Christ, with white dress and veil and floral crown, half-withdrawn in the ecstasy of mystical union with the divine Lover; she is in a kind of swoon when the priest puts the ring on her finger, but stands calmly enough when his scissors snip off her rough curly hair. I am no music critic, but her singing voice seems to me pure and sure.

In an early scene there is an interesting technical experiment. The figures in the stigmatist's visions—those assisting at the Passion, Christ staggering under the weight of the Cross, a lonely monolithic Madonna—move slowly, hieratically, mostly in silhouette, across a close-up of the girl's face. The trick works without, I should judge, shocking either believers or (the more shockable) unbelievers. The vision fades, the music becomes more liturgical, the girl collapses; it is almost uncanny when she looks the viewer straight in the eyes and says "Where have I seen this room before?"

There is also an unsatisfactory, indeed delinquent, brother who seems to have what non-Neapolitan New Yorkers might call a sister-fixation. He gets mixed up with a tart—sorry, "young girl of easy virtue" (*Radio Times*)—stabs her, and turns up to make an awful scene when his sister is taking the veil. Raymond Nilsson plays and sings him with lean, convincing passion.

An opera with such a story may be distasteful to Anglo-Saxon Protestants; but it also clearly has in it some elements of popularity. It ran on Broadway for a hundred performances. Something—I suppose sheer quality of production, photography, and performance—saves it from being *kitsch* and makes it, on television at least, a masterpiece.

TOM DRIBERG

"The Doctor's Dilemma," at the Saville

This is the disappointment of Mr. John Clements's excellent classical season. I have never heard the doctors in conclave collect less laughs between them, and this, of course, is crucial. The producer, Mr. Julian Amyes, must shoulder the blame. The lines are there, and so are the actors—Sir Lewis Casson, Michael Hordern, Anthony Ireland, Lawrence Hardy—and each had a firm, good grasp of his character's essence. But they failed to mix and the crackling of Shavian wit and the punctuations of laughter weren't there to put us in the mood to swallow the central fallacy that doctors weigh their patients in the moral scale. Other things went wrong, too. Miss Ann Todd was not well cast. Mr. Paul Daneman died better than he lived. Mr. Amyes created a lot of fussy and distracting movement for movement's sake. If, all the same, there was a good deal of pleasure, as well as irritation, this derived from two sources. First, the play's comic strokes, however muffed, survive the decay of Harley Street. Secondly, Mr. Michael Hordern, seizing the possibilities of that booming old bore B.B., makes a little comic masterpiece of the character. T. C. W.

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Correspondence

HOW TO SETTLE WITH NASSER

SIR,—All Socialists will agree with the sentiment expressed in your article "How to Settle with Nasser" that "to end discrimination against Israel must, of course, remain an important objective in British Middle East policy." They are less likely to agree with, and indeed are likely to be shocked by the suggestion that the issue of Israeli shipping should be left out of the present negotiations. What you advocate, to look at matters realistically, amounts to a sacrificing of democratic Israel's rights in order to reach an accommodation with the military junta in Cairo. Your "later" in fact means "never."

It is now an accepted thing that the Tory government has cut the ground from under its feet in the present dispute by condoning the flouting by Egypt for the past five years of the U.N. resolution declaring that Israel should be allowed free passage through the Suez Canal. Is it now being suggested that Labour should adopt the Tory's bankrupt policy? To quote the Egyptian contention that there exists a state of war between her and Israel is no excuse. There is no state of war. The act of aggression on the part of Egypt and other Arab states against Israel in defiance of a U.N. resolution was formally brought to an end by the armistice agreements signed on the island of Rhodes in February, 1949, in the presence of United Nations representative, Dr. Ralph Bunche, and U.N. Chief of Staff, Lt. General William Riley. Dr. Bunche, in reporting to the Security Council on July 26, 1949, defined the purpose of the agreement as being "to restore normal conditions of peace to the fullest possible extent . . . there should be free movement for legitimate shipping and no vestiges of the war-time blockade should be allowed to remain, as they are inconsistent with the letter and the spirit of the Armistice Agreement." Similarly, Lt. General Riley, in his report to the Security Council on June 13, 1951, stated that: "It was certainly never contemplated at Rhodes that what is in effect an act of blockade . . . would be continued by one of the parties to the General Armistice Agreement more than two years after it had been signed."

As a Socialist who was born and brought up in India and who knows the way people in Asia think, I should like to warn those who believe that by appeasing the Egyptian dictator at Israel's expense they will achieve peace in the Middle East. I have no doubt whatsoever that the result will be exactly the opposite.

P. S. GOURGEY

194 Willesden Lane, N.W.6.

SIR,—The disappointing thing about your suggested solution of the Suez problem is not only that it leaves the future of Israel in the air, but also indicates that you believe that this is both proper and, in the circumstances, desirable.

The danger in this surely is that if the United Nations arrives at a settlement with Nasser that is regarded as reasonable by a majority of its members, there will be a tendency among many of them to give him—in gratitude, as it were—a "sweetener." And what better sweetener could there be for Nasser than a hefty piece of Israel. The southern Negev, say.

Your attitude seems to support those who regard Israel as expendable. The Blackpool Conference of the Labour Party, I am proud to say, gave support to the contrary view that the protection of Israel must be an integral part of a settlement with Nasser.

L. A. PLUMMER

House of Commons.

SOCIALISM AND THE CZECH ECONOMY

SIR,—Mr. Cserenyey's letter implies that U.N. statistics do not bear out my account of economic developments in Czechoslovakia in recent years. I draw his attention to the latest U.N. World Economic Survey and to the latest annual Survey of the Economic Commission for Europe. Both these publications provide ample proof that the economic progress achieved by Czechoslovakia in the first post-war decade is impressive.

The rise of industrial production—at a rate which was *higher* than that of most countries of western Europe—was accompanied by a 25 per cent. increase of personal consumption in the period 1949-1953 and another increase by one quarter in the subsequent two years. Mr. Cserenyey is, of course, quite right in assuming that rising living standards result *inter alia* in increased demand for high quality foodstuffs. This is exactly what has happened in Czechoslovakia. *Per capita* consumption of meat in 1955 was 93 lb. as against 57.5 lb. in 1948—almost 40 per cent. higher than pre-war. *Per capita* consumption of eggs and cheese has also risen considerably, that of butter and milk, on the other hand, has not yet reached the pre-war level, though it is now much higher than in 1948.

The collectivisation of agriculture has certainly raised many new problems but it has not led to stagnation, as Mr. Cserenyey suggests. Output per hectare between 1948 and 1955 has increased by 30 per cent. in the case of wheat, and by at least 20-30 per cent. in the case of all major crops. The actual yields compare not unfavourably with those of western European countries and are without exception higher than pre-war yields in Czechoslovakia. This is the more remarkable as the mechanisation of Czechoslovakia's agriculture is still comparatively low. But Mr. Cserenyey's inference that the *rate* at which mechanisation is proceeding is rather low is not justified. In 1955 there were almost five times as many tractors for every thousand hectares of agricultural land than before the war. To compare Czechoslovakia's present level of mechanisation with that of western European countries, without making it clear that most of those countries had reached a higher level already before the Second World War, is somewhat misleading.

I might just add that Czechoslovakia's population in the middle of 1956 was 13.2 million. The figure of 14 million which I used in my article represents an estimate for 1960, the last year of Czechoslovakia's Second Five Year Plan.

Prague. PAVEL EISLER

THE TWO CULTURES

SIR,—Dr. C. P. Snow, perching on various eminences, can take an eagle's-eye view of the two cultures—scientific and unscientific. Perhaps a worm's-eye view would be helpful as well. My qualifications for claiming to see with this non-existent organ are that I am a lawyer with a history degree who worked for some years at a developing chemical works where most of my colleagues and friends were chemists or engineers. I summarise my viewings very baldly:

1. All graduates, scientific or unscientific, save the most brilliant and the most pedantic, quickly forget nearly everything they have been taught at the

university. They can, however, hope to retain a knowledge of where to look things up and a sense of the importance of weighing evidence with detachment and of setting out conclusions. These disciplines are not specifically "scientific," but they provide a common cultural background against which men of goodwill, whatever their training, can converse comfortably together in the foreground of daily life. Incidentally, I found that while my technical colleagues were almost as incapable as I was of giving an accurate snap answer to a request for specialist information, they took to the construing of statutes and statutory instruments as ducks to water.

2. "About the whole scientific culture there is an absence—surprising to outsiders—of the feline and the oblique." Space and discretion alone prevent me from quoting a thousand stories in refutation of this statement. A scientific training doesn't really kill the cat in any of us, and it is even arguable that the fact that most scientists and technicians earn their living in large groups under some sort of supervision—a condition of affairs where skill in concealed intrigue is no bar to advancement—makes them especially susceptible to the disease of feline obliquity.

3. By Dr. Snow's high standards, very few of us, graduates or non-graduates, scientific or unscientific, are educated. I happen to have read *War and Peace* and *The Charterhouse of Parma*, but I do not know who wrote *La Cousine Bette*. Oddly enough, I did once ask two engineers and a chemist to explain to me the Second Law of Thermodynamics, but this produced such humiliating disagreement that I withdrew my request to avoid a permanent scar on anyone's psyche. On the other hand, I found in most of my technical colleagues a greater interest in the world at large and in the arts—not only music—than in other groups among whom I have lived. Most of us, however, are preoccupied with the everyday problems of living and have only a mild interest in other things—and this goes for scientists as well as everybody else. If we all begin to think that scientists are a race apart then we shall create an artificial division between the non-scientific community and the scientists, and that is the golden road to *1984*.

35 Cholmeley Crescent, N.6. DAVID DULLEY

IN FOR LIFE

SIR,—I cannot help thinking that the hangers must have been comforted by Giles Playfair's abolitionist article. His latest fear is that the Prison Commission might want to keep convicted murderers in jail *literally* for life, not because of their dangerous mental state but because of the heinousness of the original crime. And the implication of his article seems to be that until we are certain this won't happen, we had better keep the gallows. Of course, we can never be sure of anything; but even the Home Secretary, extolling the mercies of execution, and chilling the spine with his picture of *real* life-imprisonment, never suggested that it would be imposed on men no longer dangerous, solely to satisfy the retributive instinct.

True, in the U.S. there are prisoners (many of them not murderers) who are literally in for life, and many others who have served 30, 40, or even 50 years, even though they are no longer dangerous. But both crime and punishment is more violent in the U.S. In this country, the longest sentence actually served is 22 years. This has happened once only, to a murderer sentenced nearly 50 years ago. Nor can I conceive the Prison Commission deliberately keeping a man otherwise fit for release beyond the "normal" length of life imprisonment (8-12 years), solely because of his past. I am sure he would be quietly discharged, and equally quietly disappear under a changed name, as so many before him—unless, that is, articles were to be written asking whether despite the heinousness of his original crime, he would now be released. That, of course, might stir up an outcry, for public opinion always lags behind the reformers, and indeed, often behind the Prison Commission.

Some years ago, a group of long-term prisoners, including murderers, temporarily left their jail to take part, in ordinary clothes, in a course at an adult education centre. By great mischance, the news broke after the prisoners orderly return to jail. Imagine the scene if it had broken before their arrival!

In penal matters, much good must be done by stealth; but equally, much harm can come from the wrong publicity. Fear, hatred and revenge are easily aroused, and the kind of public speculation in which Giles Playfair now indulges, may bring about the very thing he wishes to avoid.

HUGH J. KLARE

The Howard League for Penal Reform.

LIEUTENANT X AND CAPTAIN Y

SIR,—Mr. R. S. Sudarshanam's attempt to sidetrack the issue of the hold of caste distinctions among young Indians, of which the case of Lieutenant X and Captain Y, was used as an apt and amusing example by Mr. Strachey, is based on a specious argument. The explanation provided by Mr. Sudarshanam may or may not be true—and there is such an infinite variation of customs in different parts of India and such rigid adherence to often conflicting rules of religio-social behaviour, that any generalisation is bound to contain a basis of inaccuracy—it continues to remain a truism that the fear of pollution from any contact with members of the lower castes still haunts large sections of the "upper castes." Indians wishing to be thought progressive find this a most uncomfortable subject.

Attempts are being made—the abolition of caste distinctions has been written into the Indian constitution; discrimination, social or political, based on caste distinctions is a criminal offence, in fact the Indian government leans over backwards to assist the scheduled castes—to eradicate this unpleasant institution. Legislation by itself is not enough (social evils have great staying power) but is a considerable step. The growth of a more urbanised, industrial economy coupled with greater state—not Brahminical—primary school education is certain to gradually eliminate caste barriers.

It would be more pleasant if Indians in general accepted this with as good grace as possible and stopped trying to hide behind verbal quibbles, and the ancient accusation against the European that he just doesn't know India and never can.

SANTOSH K. MUKHERJEE

82 Bartholomew Road, N.W.5.

APARTHEID EXPOSED

SIR,—Your comment of the week before last on the proposed land reclamation scheme in the Northern Transvaal ("Apartheid Exposed") does not accurately reflect the true situation. According to your comment the proposal is to move a prosperous tribe, the Mamathola, from their land and to replace them by white farmers.

The fact is that this is purely a soil conservation measure. The land concerned—only six square miles—is the catchment area of the Letsitele Valley, and it has become so seriously eroded and denuded that it is now a threat to the water supply of both white and Bantu farmers in the country below.

The number of families on this small piece of land is 396 and practically all of them derive their living from work on white farms. It is quite incorrect to describe these people as prosperous farmers. Moreover the proposal is not to make the land available to white farmers. On the contrary, it would be made available to no one. It would be fenced off, reclaimed and conserved as a "sponge" for the Letsitele and Letaba Rivers.

Conservation measures such as these are not unusual in South Africa. For instance, in recent years three reclamation schemes in various parts of the country have resulted in the expropriation of some

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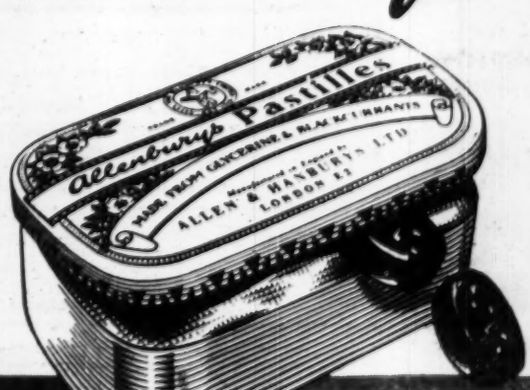

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2,000,000 acres of land belonging to white farmers.

The reporting in this country of the Mamathola plan does not "expose" apartheid. What it does expose yet again is the misrepresentation in Britain of the motives and intentions of the South African authorities.

A. W. STEWARD

Director of Information,
South Africa House, London.

[The facts of this case seem to be in dispute. The tribe claims that there are 1,500 families, that many of the tribesmen make £1,300 a year, and that the object is to transfer their rich farms to jealous white farmers. What is not in dispute, however, is that the Africans were not consulted before the government decided, and it is this dictatorial attitude which is the foundation of apartheid.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

A MUDDLE OF MONARCHS

SIR,—Mr. Cockburn has got his continental monarchs muddled up. No king named Gustav ever reigned in Saxony. The king to whom he refers was Friedrich August III. The red flag was not hoisted in Dresden in November, 1917, but in November, 1918; and it was then that the king abdicated along with the rest of his German royal colleagues. It was not he who said, "Are they allowed to do that?" This remark belongs to the feeble-minded Emperor Ferdinand I of Austria, and was made on the occasion of another revolution, 70 years earlier. Nor did the King of Saxony say, on his own occasion: "All right, sit in your own muck alone." He said: "*Dann macht euch euren Dreck alleene*," meaning rather, "Very well, then, run your bloody show yourselves." It was the same king who, when the revolutionary committee called at the palace in frock coats and top hats to suggest to him that he should abdicate, told them good-humouredly, "A fine lot of Republicans you are!" In short, he was a shrewd and perspicacious old boy and quite the wrong man to illustrate Mr. Cockburn's point.

PETER DE MENDELSSOHN

17 Wimbledon Close, S.W.20.

GERALD FINZI

SIR,—Finzi's death will have shocked many of his admirers. But his friends—he was much loved—will have been quite unprepared for such an event. He was a vigorous and yea-saying personality, unsentimental and optimistic. Nonetheless there lay a drama behind his last five years. In 1951 he was diagnosed as suffering from an obscure and incurable blood lymphatic disease. In effect he was, from this time, under sentence of death. I myself came to hear of it by a fortuitous circumstance and was bound, typically, to the closest secrecy; for Finzi was determined not to become an object of pity to his friends. His relations with his intimates were always of the most extrovert and healthy kind and he was resolved to keep them so. During this long period—often in low physical states and constantly under medical supervision and exhausting treatment—he was never heard to utter in self-pity.

His death, at a time when his powers were just starting to ripen, is a loss which it is hard to measure. To attempt an estimate of him is made harder still due to Finzi's peculiar position in the contemporary British musical scene.

His Hardy settings have become models of natural song writing that, by some magic, do no damage to the complex verse and it is, to my mind, as a vocal writer that he will be most remembered. By this I do not mean only his songs but (and especially) his *Intimations of Immortality* for chorus, tenor and orchestra. The grand poetic sweep of this music, the variety of its moods and the searching setting of the final *Thoughts that often lie too deep for tears* stay in the mind's ear in a way that I personally connect only with master works. In the same way the song "Childhood among the ferns" (from the Hardy sequence "Before and After Summer") is more than a setting but is the quintessence of the English countryside. Even for those who find the mere language of these songs unfashionable I find it hard to believe that the profound treatment of the last line ("*Why should I have to grow to man's estate, and this afar-noised world perambulate*") can fail to convince them of Finzi's own essential poetry. And perhaps here it is that we have the clue to the essence of the composer. For, in a period when abstract and "pure" intellectual concepts are the rule, Finzi dares unaffectedly but uncompromisingly to be . . . a poet, an *English* poet.

BENJAMIN FRANKEL

STEAK AND KIDNEY PIE

SIR,—In a review of my book *Country Fare*, Miss Margaret Lane has seen fit to demonstrate her ignorance of culinary matters in a manner which is a reflection upon my integrity.

This woman proves that she does not know how to make a steak-and-kidney pie, but her insinuation that I do not know either is a perversion of the truth. She makes "rubber gobbets" of meat because she uses the wrong sort of meat, covers it with the wrong sort of pastry and cooks the whole distressing concoction at the wrong temperature. This is the sort of thing which has brought English traditional cooking into contempt everywhere.

Our traditional cuisine was once as highly respected as any in the world. Today it languishes under the activities of kitchen slovens, commercial exploiters and ignorant snobs. Among the most nefarious of their activities is that of producing pseudo-steak-and-kidney pie with a hash of left-overs surmounted by a dollop of synthetic pastry. This is a foul libel on a fine dish. Steak-and-kidney pie is made by cooking meat and pastry together until each is perfectly complementary. The instructions for doing so are given in my book, couched in terms so simple that I should not have thought even your reviewer could have misunderstood.

MARY AYLETT

Nut Tree Cottage,
Molash, nr. Canterbury.

[Margaret Lane writes: When Mrs. Aylett has cooled down sufficiently, would she not like to make me a delicious pie as a demonstration? I am eager to be convinced, and would refrain from judging her cooking by her courtesy.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

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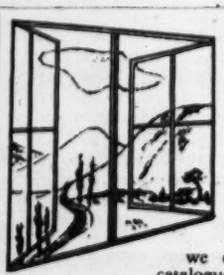

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

That One Talent

It must have struck many a reader of *Roderick Hudson* that it was not all loss when the ardent young sculptor's infatuation for Christina Light put a stop to his output before it killed him too. There had been the early statuette that first quickened Rowland Mallet's interest when he saw it in Northampton, Mass: "in bronze, something more than two feet high, representing a naked youth drinking from a gourd". Launched in Rome, Roderick had produced his "Adam" (for which his patron had selected at Carrara "the most magnificent block of marble he could find") and, in three months, his "Eve" —"a creature of consummately wrought beauty". Roderick's ideas were of the largest:

> There are all the Forces and Elements and Mysteries of Nature. . . . I mean to do the Morning; I mean to do the Night! I mean to do the Ocean and the Mountains, the Moon and the West Wind.

There was to be an "America"; there was to be a "ripping Christ".

They might have been wonderful, like Rodins; far more probably they would have been ghastly, like blown-up Canovas, or like those grandiose productions which James did actually see in Rome twenty-five years after he had written *Roderick Hudson*: the works of Henrik Andersen, who had come from Boston to make himself a master of the heroic and sublime. (His relations with James were described by Mr. Michael Swan in the *London Magazine* last year.) One cannot pin down James's own taste on the evidence of *Roderick Hudson*. Yet it seems fair to deduce that, up to the "Adam" and "Eve", James was aiming to give an impression of good and powerful work; but that when it came to Roderick's unfulfilled projects, he was concerned to convey not just the talent soon to be extinguished by Christina, but the limitations of an artist greatly gifted but not humble enough to realise the nature of that gift, nor resolute enough to make it the driving force of his life.

The foil to Roderick is another American, little Sam Singleton, who (while Roderick pursued the flesh and the devil at Baden) spent a summer sketching in the Apennines, and came back feeling he had "taken a kind of stride . . . I know better what I'm about . . . It's a great happiness; I wouldn't exchange it for a great deal of money". And it was to another unpretentious artist, little Bilham of *The Ambassadors*, that James directed the great appeal for living at the full stretch of one's faculties that he put into Strether's mouth: "Live all you can". James's fictional renderings of the artist—whether painter, sculptor, actor or writer —do not turn so much on the size or scope of the original talent, nor on the particulars of its flowering, as on the attitude to it of the artist himself. Is he determined to understand his gift, to cherish it, to live it before any other kind of life? Then—if the success be as striking as Miriam Rooth's Yolande, as modest as Sam Singleton's Apennine sketches—he has justified himself; if he has squandered his gift through carelessness, through snobbery, through elevating another passion above the life of art—Roderick's is represented as ultimately a moral weakness—then, however dazzling his work, he has failed.

So we come to these old art-criticisms of James which Mr. Sweeney has so admirably put together and introduced*, expecting to find a primary concern with the artist's use of his talent, a sense of the common ground between the arts, and some pretty odd particular judgments. At first, the larger questions are not much in evidence. Here, in articles written from London for the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Nation*, the *New York Tribune*, James is first of all a reporter, whose function is not to generalise about art but to set the context in which particular works have been shown. So an article on "The Picture Season in London 1877" opens with an evocation of summer in "the murky Babylon by the Thames". To make the pictures themselves vivid to his transatlantic readers he uses devices that, since Fry, hardly a writer has dared to handle:

> The Virgin is a sweet-faced young woman whom the painter evidently meant to make pretty within the limits of Flemish probability, and the child has an odd look of having just waked up the least bit cross from a nap.

In view of James's endless concern with the ways and means of representation in the novel, it is surprising to find here so little technical criticism. Indeed, when he meets it in another critic, Fromentin, he disapproves:

> There is a certain sort of talk which should be confined to manuals and notebooks and studio records; there is something impertinent in pretending to work it into literary form.

Though he can be equally sharp on the limitations of "literary criticism of works of plastic art", he is not at all above using literary analogies himself. A composition of Decamps—

> seems to us to bear about the same relation to probable fact as some first-rate descriptive titbit of Edgar Poe or Charles Baudelaire; whereas, if we were to seek for a literary correlative for that sadly imperfect Delacroix near by, we should find it in some fragment of Shelley.

The articles cover thirty years—there was regular reporting on exhibitions from 1872 to 1882, another burst in 1897, and in the Eighties some longer essays on Delacroix, Sargent and Daumier. One of the great pleasures of reading them in order is to follow the changes and modifications of a highly educated and informed taste. It takes James some time to "get" Whistler. In 1877—

> I will not speak of Mr. Whistler's "Nocturnes in Black and Gold" and in "Blue and Silver", of his "Arrangements", "Harmonies", and "Impressions", because I frankly confess they do not amuse me.

By 1882 he is prepared to concede "the appearance of life" to the "Harmony in Black and Red", and to compare it favourably with a portrait by Holman Hunt. By 1897 "Henry Irving as King Philip" moves James to come firmly down on Whistler's side:

> How *should* a stupid generation, liking so much that it does like, and with a faculty trained to coarser motions, recognise in Mr. Whistler's work one of the finest of all distillations of the artistic intelligence?

He finds the Impressionists at Durand-Ruel's in 1876 "on all grounds less interesting than the group out of which Millais and Holman Hunt rose into fame"—so much less interesting, indeed, that he does not even mention the names of the artists, who were (Mr. Sweeney tells us) Renoir, Sisley, Monet, Pissarro and Morisot. James never directly goes on record with another opinion, but as Mr. Sweeney percipiently notes, *The Ambassadors* (1903) is evidence that he had come so to appreciate the Impressionists that his descriptions, especially of the Seine near Paris, are verbal renderings of Impressionist paintings.

As for the odd particular judgments, they are here all right, and if we choose we can goggle in distress, or giggle with superior amusement, at the spectacle of James admiring Watts's "Love and Death", or Leighton's sculpture of "A Young Man Struggling with a Python", clearly a work Roderick Hudson would not have been ashamed of ("he has always 'gone in' for beauty and style"), or the works of Marcus Stone. He was a master of devastation too:

> There has lately been more than one portrait of Mr. Gladstone from the theological point of view, but it was reserved for Mr. Richmond to depict him as of African blood, of distracted intellect, and of the Methodist persuasion.

This may be hitting below the belt; but when he writes off the older Academicians showing in 1878—

> Of some . . . it is but common humanity not to speak. Their contributions, raggedly and cruelly squaring themselves upon the "line", must be seen to be believed in—

or when he speaks of the police-controlled crowds round Frith's "Road to Ruin", he is coming to grips with his larger issues. Gradually, as he surveys the art scene in London, he comes to realise the terrible effects of the British vices of philistinism, amateurishness and snobbery. They lead to such hopeless confusion of values as a religious picture by "Sir Noel Paton, R.S.A., LL.D.," being exhibited with a label to say it had been conveyed to Marlborough House for inspection by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

> Here was a combination of attractions not to be resisted. A religious picture, painted by a baronet . . . and a Doctor of Laws, and further consecrated by exposure to the awful gaze of royalty—a glimpse of such a work was certainly cheap at a shilling.

After describing the work at length ("the little lamb is very good") James delivers the knockout: "*Il n'y a que la peinture qui manque*". So though, in his kindness to Watts and Leighton and Tadema we may see a trace of the personal taste that imagined Hudson's "Eve", his appreciation of these artists came also from his conviction that they had at least *some* concern for the matter of art, for plastic values, and were not entirely given over to the anecdotal, the sentimental, the genteel. Watts's saving grace was "to have felt and imagined, with that intensity, during so long a career". *We* may find Frith's "Derby Day" (of which James could hardly bring himself to speak) a hundred times

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* *The Painter's Eye*. By Henry James. Edited by John L. Sweeney. *Hart-Davis*. 20s.

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more attractive to look at than Leighton's "Nausicaa", but Leighton was standing, in however feeble a way, for some of the values which had no place in official Victorian art. Not that he was free from gentlemanliness, the peculiarly British failing; in the essay on Sargent (1893) James puts his finger on a more general flaw. Admiring Sargent's brilliance, James was yet left

> wondering whether it be an advantage to an artist to obtain early in life such possession of his means that the struggle with them, discipline, *tâtonnement*, cease to exist for him. May not this breed an irresponsibility of cleverness, a wantonness, an irreverence—what is vulgarly termed a "larkiness"—on the part of the youthful genius who has, as it were, all the fortune in his pocket? . . . "What will he do with it?" we ask, meaning by the pronoun the sharp, completely forged weapon. It becomes more purely a question of responsibility, and we hold him altogether to a higher account.

Was Sargent a Roderick Hudson, fatally flawed by taking his gift too lightly? In his admirations, James shows the standards by which Sargent fails: Delacroix, in whom he felt "the presence of a high artistic ideal, untouched by the vulgar or the trivial"; Watteau, "serious in spite of his lightness"; Daumier, with his "strange seriousness". "Half the battle of art is won in the artist's conscience" he wrote in 1872; "there are no easy triumphs, and genuine charm is one of the deepest things in the world".

In such passages we come very close to the impulse that led to *The Tragic Muse*:

> To "do something about art"—art, that is, as a human complication and a social stumbling-block . . . the conflict between art and "the world" striking me thus betimes as one of the half-dozen great primary motives.

This perhaps is the greatest pleasure of all given by *The Painter's Eye*: to see developing those attitudes and beliefs that provided the firm framework for James's great novels about the life of art and how, in discipline, in effort, in intensity, that life must be paid for.

JANET ADAM SMITH

Mythology

Miss Willow, secretly known as "tit". . .
Plotkin who slipped on new ice
And wounded the stinks master
The winter when the ponds froze over . . .

Square roots of the symbol Abraham
Cut off below the burning bush,
Or in the botany classes heads
Drying between covers like rare ferns,
Stamen and pistil, we were young then.

Later with tunes like "Hips and Whores"
The song-book summed us up,
Mixing reality with circumstance,
With Hotchkiss cock of the walk
Top button undone, and braided cap,
He was the way and the life.

What dismays is not time
Assuaging every thirst with a surprise,
Bitterness hidden in desiring bodies,
Unfolded strictly, governed by the germ.

Plotkin cooked like a pie in iron lungs:
Glass rods the doctors dipped in burning nitrates
Dripped scalding on in private hospitals;
And poor "tit" Willow who had been
Young, pretty and perhaps contemptuous
Dreaming of love, was carried to Spain in a cage.

LAWRENCE DURRELL

The Aspidistra and the Mike

From the Third Programme: A Ten-Years' Anthology. Edited by JOHN MORRIS. *Nonesuch Press.* 21*s.*

"I do wish there was a *fourth* programme," groused the historian, upset at being told to put a personal slant in her talk about Julius Cæsar. Would that help, now? Fifth, Sixth, Seventh,—but there is always the Beyond; "an incurably Eighth Programme mind," "the Liberace of the Ninth"—no, we are better off as we are, with the specialist doing his best for specialists in *other* subjects, and turning a none-too-apologetic back on cat-calls from his own. It doesn't hurt people to have to be intelligible sometimes, and to be shaken out of their usual writing idiom. Considered simply as an anthology, this book is accordingly great fun. Its contents nearly all have the two essential virtues of the good broadcast—a spontaneous style, and a central point which is really worth making. (The three or four which haven't got the latter stick out like sore thumbs.) There is Thomas Mann being impressed by Chekhov and Max Beerbohm not being impressed by Yeats. There is Hoyle on Continuous Creation and J. Z. Young on memory-training for octopuses. There is an excellent blood-curdling programme on Caving by James Kirkup, and a very nice Henry James one by V. S. Pritchett; a bull's eye on Children in Novels by P. H. Newby, and—my own favourite of the lot—Laura Bohannan's dry account of her attempts to explain *Hamlet* to an African tribe. (Naturally they wanted Claudius for the hero.) The mere variety of these gems increases their lustre, and there is no doubt that, if you want something instructive to read, this is immensely good value.

There remains the dreary business of giving marks; what does this collection show about the Third Programme? It is, I think, still very creditable. But there are enough blemishes to show how hard it is for the Third to defend itself against those ravening monsters fattened on the other two programmes, maundering and whimsy. Many speakers welcome the microphone as an instrument for being twice as pointless and diffuse as they would ever dare to be in print, twice as embarrassing as they would ever be allowed to be in conversation. These tendencies flower in this volume in two of those endless pieces about how French the French are (and I don't care if one of them *is* by Gide), and a similar one on the Twentyishness of the Twenties. The Third does, of course, do what it can to discourage this sort of candy-floss culture-spinning, but it is not helped by the BBC's well-known general pose of universal aunt and not-before-the-children, which does, whatever Mr. Morris may say in his introduction, apply to the Third whenever what is being said is suspected of being generally intelligible. Working with a variety of admirable producers over the last twelve years, I have found, for instance, that I could never get away with any but the most general reference to religion, and that in particular key words such as "Pope," "Jew" or "Protestant Truth Society" are certain to produce a blue pencil and a hunted look; one seems to hear the dark wings of Azrael, Director of the Unspoken Word, beating against the sound-proof panelling. And it is not as if I usually wanted to say anything disrespectful about these institutions; the offence lies in *mentioning* them outside those broadcasts which are licensed to be about them, which are convoys as it were, duly announced and properly escorted. If they cropped up in other talks, Uncle Public, I suppose, might suddenly wake and, without waiting for the harmless conclusion of the sentence, throw the coffee-pot at Aunt BBC, who instead of replying with the piano-stool as she ought to have done years ago, would have one of her Attacks, so that nobody would get any peace for months.

Of course it is not a rigorous censorship, but it is a nuisance, and it accounts for some of the maundering, since people who are not allowed to

say plainly what they mean are always inclined to waffle on about something else. It has also, I am sure, a lot to do with the famous fact that the Third is seldom frightfully funny. Highbrows when they are being really funny are often improper in ways unsanctified by the Home and the Light, and the strain of waiting for *that* to happen might easily be too much for Auntie, who always likes to have things peaceful round her.

The effect of all this is that there are no great big bangs in the book, no startlingly new ideas, no really upsetting piece of literature, and that on the arts side (not in the sciences) there is a certain amount of padding. But still almost everything is excellent of its own kind, almost everything is distinguished, and I only carp so as to call attention once again to the chains in which this particular Muse is working. Can the next ten years not break them? Speaking instead of writing is such a useful practice, it makes for directness, it encourages indiscretion.

It might often lead people (if only that aspidistra would get off the mike) to tell the truth.

MARY SCRUTTON

Chinese Outlines

China : New Age and Outlook. By PING-CHIA KUO. *Gollancz.* 16*s*.

Visa for Peking. By A. DE SEGONZAC. *Heinemann.* 21*s*.

I remember so well my first day in China eight years ago: the polite but strained face of the English-speaking Chinese as he listened to the young American next to him indicating with sweeping gestures the countryside through which the train was passing and explaining how up-to-date methods would improve it. I remember the smiling apologies of the Chinese returned students for the dirt, the squalor and the disorder.

But how, after all, *should* a proud and cultured people desirous of emerging with all possible speed from the medieval into the modern world go about it? In the case of Japan a century ago the answer was simple and typical. The true Son of Heaven was restored. He put on a top hat and button-boots and proceeded to modernise his adoring people by edict and instruction. This method was later attempted in China but failed disastrously. Then Sun Yat-sen, his stomach seething with all the -ologies and -bologies of the Western world, failed too, in spite of his great genius for construction, because the period was one of destruction and disintegration and he died before it was ended.

Our attitude to the latest attempt has been, with very few exceptions, far too negative. We have been too concerned to decide whether we approve or disapprove of the methods to inquire whether they really work, and if so, how and why they are applied. In short, our attitude has been ethical rather than scientific; and we now badly need to *try* and see what has happened and, if possible, to analyse it. I like both these books about China because both accept her social metamorphosis as something calling rather for exact description and analysis than for moral evaluations. In a sense they complement each other, since Segonzac's is almost all description and Kuo's is almost all analysis.

Dr. Kuo, who retired from diplomatic life eight years ago, writes as an historian. His is a deeply reflective and courageous book. It must have needed courage for a former representative of the Kuomintang government to demonstrate with irrefutable logic that the Kuomintang, by their repeated repudiation of national aspirations, made Communist success inevitable, while at the same time maintaining a view of Communist foreign policy largely in accordance with that of the American State Department. I hazard a guess that his book will make him obnoxious in both Chinas. But it has been written, I fancy, with the American reader in mind; and if his conclusions succeed in influencing American policy even in a small degree, he will have done more service

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It has often been said that there is "something wrong" with American women—who play so dominant a role in the United States yet often remain in themselves frustrated, resentful and neurotic. Many authors in many books have tried to diagnose what is at fault; in the view of this author, an experienced anthropologist, the conflict in the soul of many American women is primarily a sexual conflict, connected with the much heralded American Way of Life, where men are supreme in business and women in society.

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to his country than any other Chinese whom choice or misfortune has made an exile. I particularly recommend his introductory chapter on economic and social revolution. Most books of this sort open with a few vague remarks about "Kuomintang corruption" or "Two thousand years of feudal oppression". This one tells us that, after being almost static for centuries, China's population increased by 400 per cent. between 1700 and 1850. The general reader will begin to understand from this why China has been in almost continuous crisis for more than a century, and why land reform has always been the key to the crisis. And he will sense at once that he is in expert hands. Whether Dr. Kuo's dramatic reconstruction of Chinese foreign policy since 1950 will stand the test of time is perhaps open to doubt. Few will quarrel with his conclusion that, if only in her own interests, America must stop trying to pretend that China is not there.

M. de Segonzac's book is the unadorned record of a two months' tour of China as foreign correspondent of *France-Soir*. It is rather sloppily written. The only date I can find in it is a half-obliterated Chinese one in the photograph of the author's visa on the dust-jacket. The spelling is carefree. Tientsin appears variously as Tsien Tin and Tien-Tsin, and Liu Shao-chi invariably as Liu Chao Shi. "A gleaming white pagoda, the *Pei Hai*" will startle those who know their Peking, and the statement that there are "only about 400 words in the language" (hard to reconcile with the later observation that a Chinese typewriter has 4,000 characters) will make sinologues faint clean away. Ten minutes' chat with an expert would have enabled him to avoid these errors without impairing the book's freshness and objectivity.

What makes Segonzac's account endearing is the almost total absence of comment. A certain Gallic cynicism is evident throughout the narrative, and no attempt is made to conceal the author's mounting impatience at each new reference, from school-child or from factory hand, to the "correct leadership of Mao Tse-tung and the Communist Party". But there are no dithyrambs, no moralisings, and, most surprising of all, there is no summing-up at the end of the book. When he gets to the end of the journey he stops—with a jolt that almost precipitates the reader from his seat. Two facts emerge from Segonzac's book: they help, I think, to answer the question posed at the beginning of this review. First, the majority of Chinese are *enthusiastically* engaged in a campaign to transform their society. The nightmare trains with their interminable, nagging loudspeakers, the omnipresent sweepers glowering at a dropped cigarette-end, the triumphant fly-killings, the meetings, the notices, the Boy Scout sentiments, all the fuss and frenzy which would drive the average Briton mad in a week—these things make the Chinese swell with pride, not cower with fear. Is it not arguable, then, that a materially backward people *can* only triumph over dirt, disease and illiteracy by temporarily infecting themselves with a sort of quasi-religious madness? Secondly, it is clear that China is not, in any accepted sense, a police state. The real restraints on the individual exist in the small, non-administrative social units in which he moves: the street group, the study group, the factory group, and so on. This is merely a modified form of the *pao chia* system which is as old as history in China, and is only one of the innumerable instances in which the Chinese Communists have utilised existing institutions. Clearly if someone could combine M. de Segonzac's objective reporting with Dr. Kuo's sense of historical perspective he would be able to write a very impressive book indeed.

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JONATHAN CAPE

Looking at Tragedy

The Harvest of Tragedy. By T. R. HENN. *Methuen.* 25*s.*

Some of the most important books on tragedy omit the word from their titles, while the stage concerns them only at several removes. They quarry instead for the deposits of ritual, myth, psychological symbolism, moral and social assumptions which the dramatic work may contain. These various veins have proved quite remarkably rich, more so than in any other art-form, and with the advantage of great concentration. It happens also that the great periods of dramatic tragedy were "great" in other ways, from Ancient Greece to Ibsen's day, and from this it is tempting to argue that the "tragic sense" has been somehow bound up with certain historical high points in the Western mind. Is it a symptom of a type of culture now in process of decline? Or of transformation in some new direction? Once such questions are asked, with what heightened interest one scrutinises the work of modern dramatists for possible answers. The tragic sense is abstracted from the plays while the actors go on chattering and the producer producing—and after all, once recognised, it can be found in other places than drama—and the really important things are felt to have happened before or beyond the play. This may explain why in a sufficiently self-conscious society the theatre necessarily appears dead so far as direct communication across the footlights is concerned.

Paradoxically, it would be more vital, more "real," if it were completely stylised. Perhaps, indeed, it has been without our noticing. In default of masks, the experienced London or Parisian playgoer has come to accept the routine presentation of domestic drama, of the Old Vic or the Comédie Française, as pure convention. He does not ask the actors to be "alive" in the same sense as the spectators. Hence the shock occasionally administered by truly realistic techniques such as Brecht's, which startle at first by their immediacy and freshness, but would certainly bore in time for their lack of depth. No one now goes to the serious theatre to meet "people."

While aware of these implications, Mr. Henn has had the courage to write a general survey of tragedy, meaning dramatic tragedy, in one medium-length book. In places he is too compressed, in others sketchy, but these shortcomings are far outweighed by having one view of the whole thing between two covers. He ducks none of the main problems which arise and presents with great fairness and acuteness the various explanations which have been proposed, from Aristotle to Jung. The first part of his book, on tragic theory, is wide-ranging, succinct and stimulating if occasionally difficult. Not only students will find it invaluable. The second part is less successful, but interesting for what it attempts. As a critic of integrity must when he claims to be dealing with a live subject, Mr. Henn goes on to confront theory, not only with Shakespeare, Racine and Ibsen, but with a number of contemporary playwrights. Some of his choices are strange, even for a probe rather than a survey. Sartre, Camus and Anouilh appear together in a brief chapter entitled *The Transmigration of the Greek*, which is an inadequate pointer even to the "tragic" part of their work. The first two can muster only one "Greek" play between them, while it is an over-simplification to say that Anouilh's plays "fall readily into two groups" and then to place *Antigone* and *Eurydice* alone in one of them. Cocteau, promised in the heading of the same chapter, does not materialise. Claudel and Montherlant, who seem good authors in whom to look for the "tragic sense," are nowhere mentioned. Neither is Gabriel Marcel, a surprising omission by a critic who has set out "to suggest a synthesis in terms of the Christian tradition" and who is expressly prepared for a discussion of—among other things—Existentialism.

In England, Mr. Henn takes Shaw (*The Doctor's Dilemma, Mrs. Warren's Profession* and *Saint Joan*) and not surprisingly draws blank. But with Mr. Eliot he is quite right to ignore the author's guarded remark that his recent plays, if they are to be classified, are comedies. *The Family Reunion* and *The Cocktail Party* are prize examples of the grey ambivalence which has crept over serious English drama and they certainly use some of the traditional tragic devices. If typical, they suggest the most pessimistic reflections. They show the tragic hero so fragmented and whittled down that he no longer has enough identity to serve even as a scapegoat. No one feels responsibility deeply enough even to want a guilt figure to unload it on. Is this credible? Passed to the sociologists! In fact, however, the theatre has ceased to serve as a place of purgation. That function has been distributed over the cinema, the dance hall, the revivalist meeting and wherever one of a few particular stars happens to be publicly at a given moment. If Mr. Liberace or Mr. Harding, having somehow unwittingly offended the code of their fans, could contrive to die at a televised performance, we should know whether or not there is still mass catharsis.

One of Mr. Henn's most interesting chapters is on the Irish drama. If tragedy has become diluted or blurred in England, partly through loss of a community-sense in theatre audiences, the reviving Irish nationalism of Abbey Theatre days promised something different. There was the sense of tragedy in the present, legend and history of great wealth to converge upon it, and a poetic "natural" speech at the playwright's hand. Something came of it, but hardly enough by world standards to place beside the great achievements of the past—or even, perhaps, of Lorca. Mr. Henn gives as reasons for comparative failure: the limited, though profound, nature of peasant experience on which, for example, Synge's plays rested; and, in the case of Yeats, "a disparity between the philosophy and tradition of the playwright and his audience." One would have welcomed more of this and a much fuller analysis of Mr. Eliot, whose plays do, I think, contain the clue to what is happening to the English tragic sense. But the book is still easily the most enlightening recent work on its subject.

GEOFFREY BRERETON

Matter and Art

Selected Poems. By LAWRENCE DURRELL. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Green with Beasts. By W. S. MERWIN. *Hart-Davis.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Poems from the North. By KATHLEEN NOTT. *Hand & Flower Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Tally 300. By J. P. FLETCHER. *Hand & Flower Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Trial of Thomas Cranmer. By ANNE RIDLER. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Durrell groups his selected poems into four main kinds, lyrics, poems about people, poems about places, and comic ballads. There are also two longer poems for which he claims "the merit of a formal completeness if nothing else." He could claim that for all his poems. In the shortest, slightest thing he writes there is always the shaping passion, the craftsman's cunning:

> *W*rap your sulky beauty up
> From sea-fever, from winterfall
> Out of the *s*wing of the
> *S*wing of the sea.

The play on the *s*'s and *w*'s is what gives this its suavity, and I italicise even the silent *w* of "wrap" since it adds to the sense of visual patterning. The "swing of the/Swing of the sea" is a device I have seen used elsewhere only once, by Mr. Bernard Spencer in *Delos*:

> . . . with the rush of
> The impetus and fling of waves.

In both cases the device reminds us that when we think we are merely observing the motion of the sea we are, in fact, conceptualising it, stylising it. To stylise, to conceptualise, is Mr. Durrell's method. In his biographical poems, for instance, Horace becomes a philosophy, Byron a mood. There are times when the stylisation verges on insolence, as in a line in a poem on Sarajevo:

> A village like an instinct left to rust—

where "rust" claims a concreteness, a specificity, which is really not there in an essentially vague comparison. But nearly always Mr. Durrell brings his poem off; and the matter of his poems, the sense of landscape and history, the melancholy gusto, fantastic humour, occasional direct sad tenderness, is as original and enjoyable as the poetic handling.

Mr. Merwin is as "professional" a poet as Mr. Durrell, but rather more obtrusively so. One feels that he could turn out a poem on any subject that came along and sometimes, indeed, in *Green with Beasts*, one feels uneasily that this is just what he is doing. He has not Mr. Durrell's lyrical gifts and is happiest with blank verse, with very long complex sentences, and with a kind of self-qualifying elaboration of detail. He loves describing things. Here is a fragment from an enormously long sentence about a pariah dog in the heat:

> . . . wishing that the feeble
> Green cast the glare gives to his shadow
> Could be green in truth, or be at least a wider
> Shadow of some true green; and though he is
> Free not tethered (but what in this place
> Could one be free of if not the place) surely
> He would never attack . . .

The skill of that, nobody who has attempted to write a long sentence in blank verse will fail to recognise. It is a skill mainly at present employed in evocation, and less surely in bringing out the broad or deep significance of the things evoked. Where a meaning is offered explicitly, it seems often too thin. There is a poem, for instance, about the fine sense of tradition of Central European peasant farmers:

> You feel they would never
> Say the place belonged to them: a reticence
> Like love's delicacy or its quiet assurance.

The statement is assured enough, but precisely not reticent or delicate enough, for the effect aimed at. Broadly, where one feels that Mr. Durrell has a talent and a world, one feels that Mr. Merwin has a talent and is still looking for a world. Yet his book should certainly be read.

Miss Nott is often, compared with either Mr. Durrell or Mr. Merwin, a clumsy writer, and Mr. Fletcher is in many ways a frankly amateurish writer. Yet, coming to either of them after Mr. Merwin, one has a refreshing sense of two poets tackling themes which are just a little beyond them, but which demand and deserve the tackling. Where Miss Nott describes an island suddenly appearing at sea:

> The island came out of the mist as it came
> most probably out of time: unforeseen, late,
> and long after the mainland had limited
> the customs of strangeness—

she is not so much evoking an object as attempting to define a mode of apprehension. And it is this sense of intellectual struggle, of a groping for connections, that gives individuality both to her landscape poems and to her abstract and metaphysical, but deeply felt, poems about love. She neither stylises nor conceptualises but, as it were, reaches beyond style for a concept which eludes definition. These rough, honest, outward-grasping poems grow in attractiveness with re-reading. Mr. Fletcher also improves with re-reading. *Tally 300* is a reflective-narrative poem of the type, for instance, of Tennyson's *Maud*. It is a story about a miner's son of unusual intellectual gifts who is forced by his brutal father to go down the pit, who saves up to give his own son a proper education but has to use up his savings after an accident, and finally dies in an accident. His inner life is a long struggle between despair and faith in God, and faith in God wins in the end. This may sound naive, but I found it movingly sincere, and the details about mining life fascinating. I came even to enjoy the verbal texture, Browningesque, or perhaps Meredithian:

> . . . the gibbering glass
> That drubs its damned chromatics willy-nilly
> Fuming the brain to sepia nothingness.

THEODOR PLIEVIER

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Mrs. Ridler, too, can be read "for the story". A scholar, an artist, a logical higgler, a political hedger, and a physical coward, Cranmer is not an obviously heroic character but Mrs. Ridler makes him sympathetic: that kind of cowardice and that kind of courage we today condone more easily, and admire more warmly, than our fathers did. The verse is low-toned but lively and speakable; but there is more poetry, it seems to me, in a prose passage which Mrs. Ridler quotes than in all her own supple verse:

> Surely his death much grieved every man, but not after one sort. . . . His friends sorrowed for love; his enemies for pity: strangers for a common kind of humanity, whereby we are bound one to another.

It is that "common kind of humanity" that one would like to see more of in contemporary verse.

G. S. FRASER

Pre-Psephology

To the Hustings: Election Scenes from English Fiction. Edited by H. G. NICHOLAS. *Cassell.* 18*s.*

Mr. H. G. Nicholas, who has closely followed British and American elections during the last few years, turns in this book from statistics and prediction to imaginative writing and history. The British, unlike the Americans, have produced many novels about elections. Long before students of politics made their headlong flight into psephology, novelists, both great and small, revelled in the turbulent excitement of the hustings. The thirteen well-chosen extracts in this interesting collection give a good idea both of the range and the insight of fictional election studies. They suggest that pre-psephology was far richer, if less "scientific," than psephology has so far proved itself to be.

Perhaps the main reason for this was that the novelists, for the most part, focused their attention on the candidate. Some of them, like Trollope, had known just what it meant to stand for Parliament, and the vivid account of the Percycross campaign in *Ralph the Heir* was Trollope's fair revenge for his defeat at Beverley. Even most of those novelists who had never confronted real flesh-and-blood electors shared Trollope's profound conviction that "when a man lays himself out to be a member of parliament, he plays the highest game and for the highest stakes which the country affords." It is doubtful whether this conviction is generally shared today either by writers or readers, and this may be one reason why the election scene has ceased to figure prominently in contemporary literature. The psephologists usually lack creative involvement or even emotion recollected in tranquillity. With their fondness for statistical formulæ and their tendency to relegate personal factors in elections to footnotes and appendices, they have given little weight to the motivation of candidates and the social background which attracted them to politics. Problems which the novelists considered central they have treated very summarily. The result has been that we have suffered a genuine creative loss without gaining in political insight. The great Victorian novelists succeeded in weaving together personal and public themes into one single social tapestry, and conceived of elections, as Mr. Nicholas points out, as exemplifications of an ideal of society "where success depends upon individual endeavour in a public cause." The men of the eighteenth century saw their contested elections in a very different light. How do we consider them today?

If in the novels the candidate occupied the centre of the stage, the agent was always in the wings, and sometimes, as the authors were not slow to point out, the candidates were mere puppets. For Samuel Warren who wrote two standard manuals on the law and practice of elections as well as his turgid novel *Ten Thousand a Year,* the antics of the candidates were merely a cover "to disguise the movements of those calm and calculating persons who are playing the deep game of politics." One of his two agents, Mr. Crafty, had reduced electioneering tactics to a science. "No one could say whether he was of Whig or Tory politics: my impression is, that he cared not a straw for either." For George Eliot, who carefully read through the files of *The Times* before beginning *Felix Holt,* nomination day was more of an occasion for "successful trickery or war stratagem on the part of skilful agents" than a parade of the nominees.

As for the electors themselves, the novelist was clearly at an advantage in describing the limited electorates of the un-reformed and half-reformed House of Commons, small groups of identifiable persons, whose votes were often purchased individually rather than by bulk buying. For them an election was a golden opportunity for making money and having fun—often violent fun—not an initial stage in a complicated political process. Non-electors shared in the excitement and sometimes in the profits. When Mr. Pickwick commented on how all the inhabitants of Eatanswill seemed completely devoted to their party, Sam Weller properly replied, "I never seen men eat and drink so much afore. I wonder they ain't afeer'd o' bustin."

One novelist in this anthology goes beyond the fun, the fury and the hidden organization. George Meredith in *Beauchamp's Career* tries to tap the elusive springs of class and party ideology. He does not tell us by how many votes Beauchamp lost Bevisham, but instead he traces sketchily all the subtle relations between Radicalism and Toryism, which research workers are still trying to explore. Sir Lewis Namier has quoted Meredith in his masterly studies of eighteenth-century English politics: nineteenth-century historians could follow his example. Between the Radicals and the Tories, Meredith saw clearly the dilemma of mid-Victorian Whiggery—"leaning on the people in earnest, instead of taking the popular shoulder for a temporary lift, all in high policy, for the clever manœuvre, to oust the Tory and sway the realm." There is genuine insight in many remarks of this kind, which take us away from the rough-and-tumble of elections, away from Westminster itself, to the long-term social and psychological determinants of English political controversy. The pre-psephologist often opens a debate: his successor too frequently closes one.

ASA BRIGGS

Earthy and Fantastic

Modern French Stories. Edited with an introduction by JOHN LEHMANN. *Faber.* 15*s.*

This is a good collection. Most anthologies labelled "modern," like most sets of furniture labelled "contemporary," are about as dated as dictionary slang: I have four in front of me that end with daring young Georgians now too numinous to mention. But Mr. Lehmann, drawing chiefly on the files of *New Writing* and *The London Magazine,* has managed to avoid most middle-aged temptations. By this, I don't mean that he's rigidly excluded the old-timers: Supervielle, at seventy-two, is his senior contributor; and his youngest, Maurice Pons, is rising thirty. Nor has his choice avoided writers so well known here as Sartre, Giono, Julien Green, and Marcel Aymé. But almost all the more orthodox contributors are represented by memorable and characteristic stories; and the names less well known seem to have been picked less for convention's sake than for striking personal qualities that evidently appeal to their editor.

The three best stories in the book are those by Sartre, Pierre Gascar, and Marguerite Duras. Sartre's contribution is that obsessive, gut-gripping story of prison in the Spanish War, *The Wall*: a truly fearful revelation of The Absurd, more vivid and sharp-edged than most other of its author's somnambulist fables. First translated in English in *New Writing,* it has since been reissued here in its original volume; but its quality rightly secures it a place in this anthology. The same may be said of Pierre Gascar's *The Animals,* elsewhere available in the collection *Beasts and Men.* This, perhaps, is not the best of Gascar's stories—I personally prefer *The House of Blood,* or *Gaston,* both from the same book—but *The Animals,* certainly, reveals his ruthless pity for men, if not his skill at confronting animals themselves. Marguerite Duras's story, *The Boa,* imposes itself with equal force, and perhaps more subtlety. It describes a young girl's Sunday excursions with the elderly Mademoiselle who runs her *pension*: each week, in shabby ritual, they go to watch the boa-constrictor feed on a live chicken, then come home to a seedy disrobing scene in Mademoiselle's room. This story, with its direct but stealthy symbolism and its mingled disgust and compassion, recalls the best of Katherine Mansfield, but has a brooding power that she seldom attained.

Alongside these small masterpieces are some very satisfying runners-up. Julien Green contributes a typically sensitive and allusive childhood study; Jean Giono describes a southern harvesting, a hot sore battle with the standing corn, in a few splendid pages that tail off (again typically) almost into routine Pagnolismo. Marcel Aymé, who in his time has knocked spots off Pagnol's merry peasants, here presents a story that shows him at his smartest—almost unpleasantly so, but saved by a grain of insight that just cracks the too-smooth, too-smug surface. Other contributors who show up well are Marcel Jouhandeau, characteristically harsh and wayward; Pierre-Jean Jouve, in a flip piece of between-wars fantasy; Maurice Pons, in another childhood study, smiling, but deeply, disquietingly; and Jean Prévost, in one of his rare stories, *The Forge.* This last, picaresque and colloquial, is brilliantly translated by J. Maclaren-Ross into genuine and lively vernacular: no wonder he's started to scale that translator's Everest, Raymond Queneau. In this volume, all the translations are masterly: but those of Maclaren-Ross,

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Jean Stewart, and Martin Turnell, are pre-eminent.

Everyone, of course, will have bones to pick with Mr. Lehmann. I myself would contest the inclusion of Supervielle's ponderous whimsy, Marc Blancpain's Grand Guignol, André Chamson's garrulous reminiscence. But as a whole this book sustains Mr. Lehmann's reputation as an editor in the face of the current tendency to underrate it. Whether it gives a coherent picture of French writing in this century is far more debatable. As Mr. Lehmann confesses in his introduction, the search for short stories of English dimensions leads one away from many of the major French writers. On the other hand, he claims to have represented in his selection three motifs characteristic of France—the countryside, realism, and *fantaisie*. This, I think, is indisputable. But one other characteristic that seems to be stressed by this anthology, and by the best stories in it, is a French sourness and pessimism that often looks, like Gide's immorality, "*terriblement suspect.*" Most of the *pièces roses* here, in fact, are really rather flimsy. Too bad that Mr. Lehmann could find no suitable work of, say, Camus to show that intelligence doesn't always connote despair.

RICHARD MAYNE

London's Colour Problem

Colonial Students. By A. T. CAREY. *Secker & Warburg.* 25*s.*

Anyone thinking about the probable reaction of Londoners to Colonial students will very likely suggest that "Coloureds" have trouble finding good digs, that they will not easily get themselves nice English girls, that most British people will, without cause, regard themselves as their superiors, and that they will return to their colonies more bitter about Britain than when they arrived. Since social anthropology exists to supply evidence in support of common observation, this substantially is what Dr. Carey has to say in this valuable, disturbing but also repetitive thesis in which he has analysed the results of a thoughtful questionnaire put to many of London's 3,000 Colonial students, and of a hundred case-histories. On the whole, his conclusions are dismal and even when, on page 167, he writes "But there is evidence that young people are less prejudiced than their elders, and reason for hope that this trend will continue," and refers the reader to an earlier page for this evidence, you can stare until you are cross-eyed and not find it there.

In a preface, Dr. Kenneth Little remarks:

> It is a form of hypocrisy for the British Government to profess colonial trusteeship and for Christian missionaries to propagate the brotherhood of man, unless both the State and the Church do everything possible to implement their doctrines at home as well as overseas.

Clearly, at the moment, enough is not being done. Time and again students, and particularly those from Africa and the West Indies, instance their disenchantment with London. Having been brought up to believe England a Christian country, they are surprised to find it not so. Having been led to believe that strong bonds exist between mother country and dependency, they are shocked at English ignorance, indifference and hostility. Asian students, expecting less because they have strong national cultural traditions of which they are proud, are much less disappointed. Never having loved England, they don't grow to hate her.

Much of the hostility to the darker-coloured students is, of course, sexual. Landladies with daughters, incredible as it may seem, live in terror. One student told Dr. Carey that a family with left-wing views took him up until one evening, casually, he suggested that their daughter should go with him to a college dance. Students find that "only low-class women will go out with Coloureds or else women who are too old or too plain to find themselves an Englishman": and find the same "colour-tax," to use the author's excellent coinage, imposed when it

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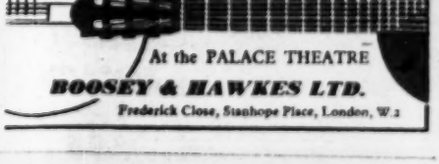

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comes to finding a place to live. Landladies, with exceptions, consider that taking coloureds lowers the tone. Often they charge a Colonial student, who can ill afford it, more for a room or impose upon him conditions an English student would not tolerate.

Dr. Carey's survey is not wholly dismal and he is careful to point out that London is a lonely place for the English student, and that Colonials sometimes mistake the natural indifference of the Londoner for prejudice against them, and he suggests that the provinces are friendlier. It is a pity this book is not shorter and less expensive, for what it has to say should be heard by so many people in this country.

W. JOHN MORGAN

Shorter Reviews

Ballet in Moscow Today. By HÉLÈNE BELLEW. *Thames & Hudson.* 30*s.*

Mrs. Bellew is the former ballerina, Kirsova. This spring she went to the U.S.S.R. to study their ballet; to bring back a résumé of their methods of teaching, stage production and of the dancers themselves. All this is summed up intelligently, but in far too small a space, at the beginning of the book, the rest of the script being rather wasted in giving the detailed scenarios of the fifteen chief ballets performed today in Leningrad and Moscow. But with each scenario there is a great number of photographs, which give a strong impression of the special kind of virtuosity, energy and grace that distinguishes Soviet ballet-dancers from those trained in Europe and America. Looking at some of the finely detailed, ponderous sets, one understands Pavlova's Russian gardener, whose only comment, when I said I was going to see the Bolshoi ballet, was: "It is too heavy for me."

The photographs are excellently chosen to cover the chief dancers and the pictorial effects of each ballet. One longs to see Maya Plisetskaya dance, especially in *Shurale*, a ballet about a bird maiden who is saved from a wood demon by a young Tartar. This fairy-story romance with a national folk setting would seem especially suited to the talents and traditions of the ballet of the U.S.S.R.

A. F.

The First Four Georges. By DR. J. H. PLUMB. *Batsford.* 21*s.*

This is a jolly book and has lots of lovely pictures. Dr. Plumb believes it is almost impossible for a monarch to be dull; closing his eyes to the present, his pen adorns the past. Not that he is a sentimentalist: he goes out of his way to emphasise the savagery of Georgian England and the inferiority of its art to the best Continental examples. But he enjoys it all tremendously: he loves to describe Walpole's "splendid small palace", or "the incomparable artistry of Carême . . . creator of some of the noblest dishes of the *haute cuisine*"; he relishes the fact that George II and Caroline "thoroughly enjoyed their marriage bed". He finds similar pleasure in the complex cut and thrust of eighteenth-century politics, though he is at pains to point out that personalities and powers were not everything—policy (chiefly foreign and dynastic) was also important.

Dr. Plumb's skilful selection and lively presentation is persuasive. But the fact remains that the first two Georges were bores, who can only be made interesting because their courts were still the centre of society, and included Hervey and Walpole. The second two were freaks: George III had a certain political importance (chiefly manufactured for him, as Dr. Plumb reminds us, by his traducers); but George IV, once we discount the cult of aristocratic æstheticism and debauchery, was only absurd: "be-kilted, besporraned, be-tartaned . . . he was showing the way the monarchy would have to go if it were to survive into an industrial and democratic society."

C. S. B.

Alpine Ski Tour. By ROBIN FEDDEN. *Putnam.* 30*s.*

The handsome format of this book must not be allowed to deceive. Here is not just another album of "superb mountain photographs" with attendant letter-press. Costa's photographs are indeed superb—rendering with equal success snow texture, hut interiors, and that sense of a new world that is the high-level skier's special prize—but the text is an outstanding essay on its own account. Its theme is the High Level Route from Chamonix to Zermatt which Mr. Fedden, Mr. Costa and three others traversed in March last year. On the first stage, over the eastern end of the Mont Blanc range, they had the delights of spring: long slopes of powder snow leading down to the vineyards at Orsières. On the second, high up in the massif between the Great St. Bernard and Arolla, it was harsh winter, with temperatures in the huts below freezing and beards of ice on their faces when they woke in the morning.

On this firmly rendered theme a number of variations are played. There is the practical: notes about equipment, huts and guides, most useful to anyone else who is thinking of doing the High Level. There is the historical: a sense of all the other travellers, from Calvin to the pioneers of the Alpine Club, who have been on the route. But what conclusively lifts this out of the class of mountain picture-books is Mr. Fedden's poetic insight, shown not in passages of fine writing about scenery (thank heavens there are none) but in his imaginative grasp of the physical and social facts—the geological layout of the ranges, the economy of pine, coal and water-power, the peasants' long war against the season—that underlie the winter scene in the high Alps.

J. A. S.

The Drunken Forest. By GERALD DURRELL. *Hart-Davis.* 18*s.*

The third of Gerald Durrell's books is entertaining, vivacious with detail, and as you encounter his Argentinian and Paraguayan jungles you will, by fits and starts, sweat in the heat and itch with the monotonous impudence of those mosquitoes. His relationship with animals is that of a father with his children: it is primarily a practical one, scientifically enlightened, grave-seeming and harmonious. Yet having been pleased with such creatures as those oven-birds and burrowing owls, armadillos, douracouli monkeys and racoons, frogs and fauns and snakes, there is still something unsatisfying about the book. There is none of that enormous zest for recording the minutiæ of landscape which is the traveller's joy, and on the other hand, there is a curiously informal, casual attitude to his captured *Bichos*.

What of it? The book is high-class entertainment; what more should one ask? One asks, I think, for the motive of the book, for the compulsion which should make Mr. Durrell want to give us such a chronicle. In one part only does the book surge to life when, forced by a Paraguayan revolution, Mr. Durrell is forced to rid himself of some of his creatures so that he and his wife can go off more easily. But the creatures will not leave him; they pause for an instant, outside, and then return to the house, like children, and creep back to their cages and wait for food.

J. S.

The First Englishman in Japan. By P. G. ROGERS. *Harvill.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The first Englishman in Japan was like the first Englishman anywhere on the globe; he had toughness, tenacity, curiosity, arrogance, and individuality. He belonged, indeed, to the age of Drake and Hawkins, in which these qualities flourished even to excess. A Gillingham man, trained as a shipbuilder,

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Adams sailed with a Dutch expedition in 1598 to find a passage to the East Indies by way of the South Atlantic and the Pacific. His ship, the *Liefde*, was the only one to finish the course. It reached Japan after unbelievable hardships, in 1600 with only twenty-four of the crew still alive and these were half-dead. Will Adams was the only member of the crew fit to travel to Osaka to plead for their lives with the Shogun Ieyasu. He was a natural diplomat. He won Ieyasu's confidence and in a few years became his chief adviser on trade and foreign affairs, his instructor in gunnery, mathematics and geography, and his favoured retainer with a large country estate at Hemi in the south-east of Honshu. Adams became the key figure in Japan's foreign trade, so powerful that the Spanish and Portuguese had to sue for his friendship; through his intercession with the Shogun, first the Dutch, and later the English received permission to open up trading stations in Japan. He died a rich man, and with undiminished energy was making voyages of exploration to Cochin-China the year before his death.

In his plain, straightforward narrative Mr. Rogers has followed closely the known facts, but he might perhaps have allowed himself a little freedom to analyse the complexities of Adams's character: the self-interest and acquisitiveness mingled with the expansive Elizabethan imagination and curiosity. One wishes, too, that Mr. Rogers had spread himself a little more on the Japan that Adams encountered and on that massive figure Ieyasu. But if it is a little unexcitingly written, this is a sound and useful biography, the first life of Adams to be published in English.

E. F.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,389

Set by Marmaduke Dench

Competitors are invited to take part in an old parlour game. The usual prizes are offered for the best pair of telegrams, the initials of whose words (in order) form any of the following: New Statesman, Logical Positivism, Television, Bolshoi Ballet, Establishment, Social Realism, Credit Squeeze. Telegrams should be relevant to the subject chosen. Entries by October 23.

Result of No. 1,386

Set by L. Clarendon

Competitors are invited to compose a poem, on the model by Frances Cornford, whose key line is "O slim, dark woman whom everyone loves."

Report

Among a host of verses to film stars, TV announcers, models, mannequins and "pretty ladies," I searched in vain for a tribute to Eartha Kitt or Muriel Smith. It was left to J. A. Lindon's ballerina and T. W. Haggitt's Nina to provide the topical touch. The latter would certainly have been in the running for a prize had the author not wandered from the triolet's rhyming scheme:

> O "slim" dark woman whom everyone loves,
> Why did you want to upset both "Govs."?

John Hill's lady seen in a Turkish bath began as amusingly:

> O why did they slim off the fat with gloves
> Massaging you so much?

R. L. K.'s ward sister deserves mention, while Chrystabel Procter placed her (rubber-gloved) lady at the sink. Allen Dimmick even identified the N.S. & N. with the subject of the poem. Good efforts also came from Gavin Ewart, John D. Huish and M. R. Dunnett (marred by an atrocious rhyme), but I suggest that the prize money be divided among the authors of the entries printed. Next in merit were P. M., Nancy Gunter, Leslie Johnson and Eric Swainson.

O why do your dressses all fit like gloves,
Hinting so much, and so much?
O slim, dark woman whom everyone loves,
Why do your dresses all fit like gloves
Over curves as sleek as the breasts of doves,
Moulding wherever they touch?
O why do your dresses all fit like gloves,
Hinting so much—ah! so much?

JOHN RHYS

I thought it was blondes who cooed like doves
Queering my sexual pitch,
O slim, dark woman whom everyone loves,
I thought it was blondes who cooed like doves;
But, since we are boxing without the gloves,
I name you as Queen Bee Bitch,
O slim, dark woman whom everyone loves,
Queering my sexual pitch.

E. B. C. JONES

Why is your voice like an ailing dove's
Sounding so wronged and so wrung?
O slim, dark woman whom everyone loves
Why is your voice like an ailing dove's
And your face as despondent as last year's gloves
(And American *isn't* your tongue!)
Why is your voice like an ailing dove's
Sounding so wronged and so wrung?

H. J. R.

The policemen all are wearing white gloves,
And the Chairman smirks at the door.
O slim, dark woman whom everyone loves,
The policemen all are wearing white gloves,
And shepherd the crowd with pushes and shoves,
And you will arrive at four.
The policemen all are wearing white gloves,
And the Chairman smirks at the door.

GOODWILL

Is it true that you sleep with your hands in gloves
And a mudpack over your face?
O slim, dark woman whom everyone loves
Is it true that you sleep with your hands in gloves?
For your skin is of silk and your voice is a dove's
And you move with a swanlike grace.
Is it true that you sleep with your hands in gloves
And a mudpack over your face?

LESLIE JOHNSON

O why do you garden without any gloves
Messing so much and so much—
O slim, dark woman whom ev'ryone loves,
O why do you garden without any gloves?
Your hands should be soft as the breast of doves,
Not like a cheese-grater to touch:
O why do you garden without any gloves,
Messing so much and so much?

P. M.

The Chess Board

No. 361. Midnight Oil in Moscow.

They've been burning plenty; and what with lunch at 4, the session from 5 to 10, dinner till midnight, analysis into the small hours, and adjourned games in the morning, the teams—so Penrose tells me—had a busy and thoroughly enjoyable time. That ours has done so well is all the more pleasing as hardly anyone expected it to qualify for the top finals. Particularly the "youngsters" covered themselves with glory, and Clarke's 100% score in his 5 preliminary games, followed up by 2 wins, 5 draws and not a single loss in the finals is as proud an achievement as Penrose's overall score of 62.5% on a higher board and out of 16 games. As for Golombek's overall score of 50% at the top-board this is all the more creditable since, in such exalted company, he had to face an assortment of about a dozen grandmasters in the course of 17 games. Here's how Penrose, Black against Letelier of Chile, wriggled out of a bad position and really punished an opponent who overreached himself.

(1) P-K4	Kt-KB3	(9) Kt-Kt5	Kt x B ch
(2) P-K5	Kt-Q4	(10) Q x Kt	P-K3
(3) P-Q4	P-Q3	(11) Kt x RP	Q-K2
(4) Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3? (B-Kt5!)	(12) Kt-Kt5	Q-B3
(5) P-B4	Kt-Kt3	(13) Kt-QB3	P x P
(6) P-K6!	P x P	(14) P x P	B-B4
(7) B-Q3	P-K4	(15) Q-K2	B-K2
(8) P-Q5	Kt-Kt5	(16) P-KKt4	B-Q2
		(17) P-KR4	O-O-O

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(19) O-O-O	K-Kt1	(25) K-Q3?	B-Kt4 ch
(20) K-Kt1	Kt x P	(26) K-K4	R-B5 ch
(21) R x Kt	P x R	(27) K-B5	R-R3!
(22) Kt x P	Q-Kt3 ch	(28) resigns.	
(23) Q-B2 (forced)	Q x Q ch		

And here's how Clarke trounced Wechsler (of the Argentine team):

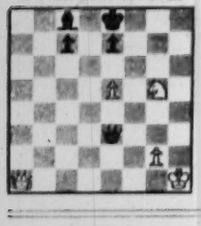
(1) P-K4	P-QB4	(17) R-Q1	Q-B2
(2) Kt-KB3	P-Q3	(18) Kt-KR4	B x Kt
(3) P-Q4	P x P	(19) P x B	R-K3
(4) Kt x P	Kt-KB3	(20) Kt-B5	Kt-B1
(5) Kt-QB3	P-QR3	(21) B x KRP!	P x B
(6) P-B4	P-K4	(22) Q-R4	Kt-Kt3
(7) Kt-B3	QKt-Q2	(23) Q x P	Kt-K1
(8) B-Q3	B-K2	(24) R-B3	Kt-B5
(9) O-O	P-QKt4	(25) Q-R4	Q-Q1
(10) P-QR3	O-O	(26) R-Kt3 ch	Kt-Kt3
(11) K-R1	B-Kt2	(27) Q-R5	Q-B3
(12) Q-K1	R-K1	(28) B-B4	Kt-Kt2
(13) P x P	P x P	(29) Kt x Kt	K x Kt
(14) B-Kt5	P-R3	(30) B x R	Q x B
(15) B-K3	P-Kt5	(31) Q-B5	Q-K2
(16) P x P	B x KtP	(32) R-Q7.	

Here Black lost on time, but he might have resigned anyway. Some more games in a week or two when due homage must be done to our "veteran" players.

A: J. Penrose 1956

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position—Koralov-Penrose—in which the Bulgarian went for a P-snatch by (35) Q-R8 ch, K-Kt2; (36) Q x P. How did our man punish him rather drastically? **B** and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder points) are two Kubbels, equally delightful and both wins for White. Usual prizes. Entries by October 22.

B: L. Kubbel 1925



C: Leonid Kubbel 1924

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 358. Set September 22

A: B-Kt8 would have won the Q.
B: (1) R-Q5, P – Q, (2) R x P, Q x Kt ch, (3) K-B6 ch, K-R1, (4) R-Q8 ch, etc.
C: (1) P-B7, R-R8 ch, (2) K-B2! R-QB4 ch, (3) K-Kt2, R(8)-QB8, (4) P-Kt4 ch, K x P, (5) R-QKt3 ch, K-R4, (6) R-R3 ch, K-Kt3, (7) P – Kt ch, R x Kt, (8) R-Kt3 ch, K-R4, (9) R-R3 ch, K-Kt5, (10) R-Kt3 ch, K-B5, (11) R-Q3! K-Kt5, (12) R-Kt3 ch, etc.

Many stumped (or partly so) by **C.** Prizes: Gerald Abrahams, E. A. Barclay-Smith, W. H. L. Brooking, G. S. Fisher, F. R. Oliver, A. J. Roycroft. Equally correct: K. Beaumont, C. G. Hilton, C. Sandberg.

ASSIAC

City Lights

Mr. King's Scrip Issue.

The City has won its long campaign for half-yearly profit statements. This year they have come into fashion, and their advance warnings that things are not what they used to be have had a gloomy welcome. But Cecil H. King, who runs the *Daily Mirror* and the *Sunday Pictorial*, believes in a bit of sunshine. Last year, when record profits were commonplace, those of the *Mirror* and the *Pictorial* suffered badly from the newspaper and railway strikes. This year they have recovered strongly, both companies are proposing 50 per cent. scrip issues, and share prices are up.

The *Mirror* and the *Pictorial* fascinate Throgmorton as well as Fleet Street. Two things have always made their investment rating a little doubtful. The first is that the market price of their shares, based on profits earned and dividends paid, is well below the value of the assets they represent (in the case of the *Mirror* only half of it): the two companies, evidently, are earning a very low rate of profit on the real capital tied up in their businesses. The second point is that the two virtually control one another. Six years ago, the report of the Royal Commission on the Press pointed out that the *Mirror* held over 25 per cent. of the *Pictorial's* equity, the *Pictorial* 22 per cent. of the *Mirror's*, with the rest spread too thinly over a large number of small shareholders to take any real effect on voting strength. In six years there have been plenty of comings and goings, but the position appears little changed.

The *Daily Mirror* and the *Sunday Pictorial* are only one side of the two companies' interests, and from the point of view of profits perhaps a minor one. Apart from their shareholdings in each other, the *Mirror* has a stake in Associated Tele-Vision and a controlling shareholding in the large and successful Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Mills; the *Pictorial* a smaller share in the latter. Together they hold shares sufficient to carry virtual control of Albert E. Reed (the paper group), own *Reveille* Newspapers, have considerable interests in Australian newspapers and broadcasting, and run a group of newspapers in West Africa. Recently, too, they have come to an arrangement with Kemsley Newspapers under which they took over equal shares in a company publishing several newspapers in Glasgow and have obtained facilities for printing their own northern editions in Manchester. The system of cross-holdings has made it possible for the group to expand its interests steadily without losing control to a wider body of shareholders. Last autumn, for example, the two companies were able to raise £3¼m. by selling a large block of their non-voting shares in Reed. Earlier, in the summer of 1951, the *Mirror* had made a one-for-one scrip issue in non-voting shares, and the *Pictorial* was able to sell part of its ration for over £500,000. The same thing, of course, could happen again after a new *Mirror* scrip issue.

The City tends to be shy of companies which are so independent of their shareholders, unless profits are high enough for nervousness of this kind to be academic. With the *Mirror* and the *Pictorial*, it has to consider the low rate of profit being earned on capital and the fact that a steadily increasing portion of total profits is coming from investment income—an income which could drop sharply if the business of the paper firms were to lose its air of perpetual boom. At present the *Mirror's* circulation, the world's largest daily, stands at 4.65m., dropping slowly from the level reached in the second half of 1954. That of the *Pictorial*, now 5.62m., is rising slowly. Both the *Reveilles*, particularly the week-ender, are slipping. It is doubtful whether these very high circulations are the best ones for earning maximum profits. Trading at present is benefiting from the new Manchester printing arrangements and last year's price increases, but profits are certainly not high. The *Mirror* and the *Pictorial* still insist on being more interested in their readers than in their shareholders.

* * *

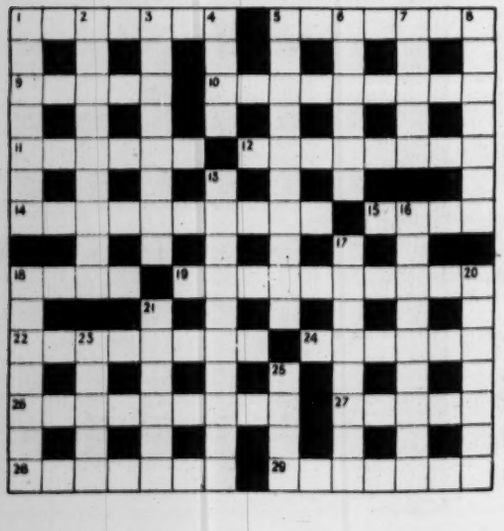
Bid warfare rages on. British Petroleum, which already has indirect exploration interests in Trinidad, has put in an offer for Trinidad Petroleum Development—cash for the liquidator of British Controlled Oilfields who holds half the capital, BP shares for the rest. TPD was the company for which Colorado Oil & Gas was negotiating earlier in the year. The talks seem to have foundered on the fact that the U.S. company wanted to buy TPD with its own shares, while the Treasury was reluctant to let it pass except for dollars. Suez, no doubt, has made the meagre and expensive oil supplies of Trinidad seem more worth hanging on to.

Mr. Dalgleish of Camp Bird has not yet published the terms of his offers for the 18 Malayan tin companies, but a statement from five of them announces plans for further capital repayments to shareholders. For three companies, they are complete; for the other two, they have still to be settled. The cat comes out of the bag with the admission that these repayments can be made without affecting the earning power of the companies concerned. Mr. Dalgleish is going on.

TAURUS

Week-end Crossword No. 220

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 220, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Oct. 23.



ACROSS

1. Gilbertian means of crossing Salisbury Plain (7).
5. Be noisy about a keynote to cause obscurity (7).
9. Standing in front of the bar this poet has a mineral (5).
10. Union discrimination (9).
11. May be 3—0 to this (6).
12. Tea times roughly work out (8).
14. Side by side afterwards in the local perhaps (10).
15. Makes do without a man for long periods (4).
18. "And beads and pray'r-books are the —— of age" (Pope) (4).
19. We enclose an obscure reminder from a holiday resort (10).
22. Beautiful youth opposed to the intellect (8).
24. A fine head (6).
26. The short figure abandons signs of modesty (9).
27. Impetuous and extra headstrong (5).
28. The enquirer discovers nothing in the recess (7).
29. Shot again, the king is in tidier retreat (7).

DOWN

1. Drunken taxi climbing over the style (7).
2. Make the currency revive at headquarters (9).
3. Empty words to applaud the gin (8).
4. The spirit of the celandine (4).
5. Money unites musicians (10).
6. Something growing on a tree for felines? (6).
7. Letter coming up time and time again (5).
8. Artful men from Brooklyn (7).
13. Note which makes one half tremble (10).
16. And one for an inexperienced footballer (9).
17. Missile no good for the stone-waller? (8).
18. "The two hours' —— of our stage" (*Romeo and Juliet*) (7).
20. Where consumption was a crime (7).
21. Invisible exercise (6).
23. Companion of lilies or nuts (5).
25. Ruler among the ancient Sarmatians (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 218

B	U	F	F	E	T	S		C	O	A	C	H	E	S
L		O		M		O		O		P		O		A
O	Z	O	N	E		F	O	R	W	A	R	D	E	D
S		T		R		T		I		T		G		I
S	Y	N	D	I	C		L	O	W	H	E	E	L	S
O		O		T		S		L		Y				T
M	E	T	H	U	S	E	L	A	H		I	B	I	S
		E		S		M		N		F		O		
C	O	S	T		M	I	N	U	T	E	H	A	N	D
A				A		C		S		V		N		I
N	E	G	A	T	I	O	N		S	E	N	E	C	A
O		I		T		L		I		R		R		P
P	A	V	I	L	I	O	N	S		I	N	G	L	E
U		E		E		N		I		S		E		R
S	O	N	N	E	T	S		S	C	H	I	S	M	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 218

R. W. Page (Eastleigh), H. Fenn (London, W.7), E. G. Guest (Edinburgh).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

LONDON County Council. Parliament Hill Secondary Girls' School, Highgate Road, N.W.5. Headmistress required for this 9 form entry Secondary School for 1,350 girls. The school is in Burnham Group 21 with an estimated Unit Total of 2,890 for 1960. The appointed headmistress will be paid in accordance with the scales contained in the Burnham Report 1956; the appropriate salary and head teacher allowance of £690 a year will be subject to equal pay adjustment. School offers a wide variety of courses, some leading to G.C.E. (all levels). There is ample provision for general studies in dressmaking, tailoring and catering. Apply on Form EO/TS10 (Parliament Hill) (Form EO/TS10B for candidates who have completed Form TS10 since August, 1955, and have nothing to alter) obtainable with further particulars from EO/TS10. Closing date October 27, 1956. (1950)

THE Research Laboratories of The General Electric Co., Ltd., North Wembley, Middlesex, have a vacancy in their Statistical Services Department for a Male Graduate with some scientific or engineering background. The work includes experimental design and analysis, quality control, teaching and management statistics in the laboratories and factories, and requires considerable patience and tact. Opportunities will arise for publications and attendance at professional meetings. Apply in writing to the Staff Manager (Ref. RLO/101) giving full particulars of experience, qualifications and age.

YOUNG electrical engineer with literary interests required for the London editorial staff of an engineering journal. The post offers an unusual opportunity to gain wide experience, with occasional travel abroad and more frequent journeys in Britain. Staff conditions and salary are favourable. Previous editorial experience an advantage but not essential. Degree or institution qualification necessary. Write, giving age, details of education and experience, to Box 7589.

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Committee. Part-time Psychotherapist required at Willesden Child Guidance Centre, 22, Brondesbury Villas, Kilburn, N.W.6, for 5 sessions p. wk. Hons. degree in Psychology with recognised training, and/or equiv. experience in Child Psychotherapy. 42s. p. 3-hr. session. Application forms from Chief Education Officer, Middlesex County Council, 10 Great George St., Westminster, S.W.1, returnable by October 29 (Quote T.698 N.S.N.)

CANE Hill Hospital Management Committee, Cane Hill Hospital, Coulsdon, Surrey. Applications are invited for the position of Psychiatric Social Worker (third). The hospital provides accommodation for over 2,000 male and female patients and serves a wide area in South London where five outpatient clinics are held. Clerical assistance is provided. Applicants must hold an approved Mental Health Certificate. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with those prescribed by the Professional and Technical Whitley Council "A" for the Health Service. Applications giving the names of two referees should be sent to the Physician Superintendent as soon as possible.

ADMINISTRATIVE Assistants (male) for Granada T.V. Network, Ltd., Company Directors. Previous administrative and/or commercial experience essential. Required sometimes to work long and irregular hours in London and/or Manchester. Good prospects, superannuation scheme, 5 day week, salary according to qualifications. Write giving age, present salary and fullest particulars of previous experience to Managing Director, 36 Golden Square, London, W.1.

CALDECOTT Community. Young assistant housemaster required to help with general supervision and recreational activities of a group of boys aged 11 to 16 years. Ability to coach games an advantage. The post gives practical experience of work with disturbed, deprived adolescents and may serve as a preliminary training period before further training in social work in the field. Highest references required. Small salary according to experience. Apply Miss Rendell, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

WHY not be a nurse? Do you know that you can train under delightful conditions in England's loveliest county, and be paid during training an allowance of £260-£285 a year, plus dependant's allowance? Modern Nurses' Home with separate bedrooms and splendid recreational facilities are provided. Dartford is 15 miles from London, with excellent train and bus services to the Metropolis, the coast and all parts of the Kent countryside. Write: Matron, West Hill Hospital, Dartford, Kent, for full parties.

HAMPSHIRE County Council. Applications are invited for three appointments of Social Welfare Officer in the County Welfare Department. (1 Male Officer and 2 Female Officers). Preference will be given to candidates with a University Social Science Degree or Diploma, and Family Case-Work experience will be an advantage. The salary will be in accordance with A.P.T. Grade II (£595—£675). The appointments are superannuable and subject to satisfactory medical report. Further particulars of the duties of the posts may be obtained from the County Welfare Officer, The Castle, Winchester. Applications stating age, present employment, experience and qualifications, and the names of two referees should reach the Clerk of the County Council at the same address by October 20.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MID-HERTS Group Hospital Management Committee. Interesting and unusual work available as S.R.N. with house mother's duties in an experimental home for 18 psychotic and maladjusted children aged 3-10. Applications to Secretary, Mid-Herts Group Hospital Management Committee, Bleak House, Catherine Street, St. Albans, Herts, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

CAMBRIDGE Association for Social Welfare requires trained and certificated Social Worker (woman), experienced, at earliest December, 1956, latest March 31, 1957. Car-driver essential. Flat available. Apply: Mrs. Willink, The Master's Lodge, Magdalene College, Cambridge.

SCARBOROUGH and District Council of Social Service. Appointment of General Secretary. Applications are invited from men or women for the above appointment. Applicants should have administrative and organising ability with experience of social work. Contributory Pension Scheme. Starting salary £450 or according to age and experience. Application forms and further particulars from the Chairman, Scarborough and District Council of Social Service, 13 Elders Street, Scarborough, to be returned by October 22, 1956.

NATIONAL Institute for Research in Dairying (University of Reading). Assistant Experimental Officer (female) required as Personal Assistant to Head of Physiology Department. Degree in Biological Science or equivalent qualification, and good secretarial qualifications essential. Commencing salary according to age in scale, £455 (age 21)—£587 (age 26 or over on entry)—£755, with superannuation. Applications, with names of two referees to reach Secretary of the Institute, Shinfield, Reading, within one week. Quote reference 56/9.

CAMBRIDGE Youth Hostel. Joint wardens req. Write Hon. Regional Sec., Y.H.A., 19 Warkworth St., Cambridge.

REPRESENTATIVE wanted who has contacts to market patented automatic lubrication device for use with compressed air driven appliances (hammer drills, mechanical picks, etc.). Box 7592.

WELL-educated assistant (female), 18-25, reqd. for Economic Research Department in offices of large Trade Union nr. Waterloo Stn. Shorthand/typing essential; gd. salary & conditions, 5-day week. Staff canteen and Superannuation. Box 7825.

MAYFAIR Gallery reqs. male assistant. Suit graduate. Box 7819.

YNG. intelligent girl as assistant, Irving Theatre, Leics. Sq. Apply 5-7 p.m.

EDUCATED woman of British birth, with good secretarial qualifications, for interesting post. Some French or German useful but not essential. Under 40. Commencing salary about £9 10s. per week. Callers only. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1, and 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2.

CALDECOTT Community. Wanted a resid. asst. secretary immediately. Educ. girl interested in school and social work. Car driving an adv. Apply Miss Rendel, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

£5 to £15. Appointments. Avian require all staff. M./f., perm./temp. No fees. 109 Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1. EUS. 2579/2719.

SH./TYP. for gen. office work. 5-day wk. £7 10s. 19-25 yrs. £8, 25 yrs. & over. Unusual hrs. consid. Union of Democratic Control, 86 Rochester Row, S.W.1. VIC. 4962.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, W.C.2 (almost facing Charing Cross Stn.). Permanent and Temporary office staff (m. & f.). Typewriting; Duplicating. TEM. 6644.

CAREER women are offered the widest possible selection of vacancies at Fine's Agency. Secretaries, Shorthand and Copy Typists, Book-keepers, senior and junior, can be sure that all the most interesting and best-paid positions, both permanent and temporary, are open to them at any of our branches, 97/99 Praed St., W.2, 99 Fleet St., E.C.4, 12 Brompton Rd., Knightsbridge, S.W.1. (2 doors from The Scotch House.)

PT.-time Sh./Typist wtd. (10-1). Must be effic. Knowl. French des. Box 7771.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore Street, W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

YOUNG headmaster's wife with two sons requires help from November. Opportunity for young person to join in life of the school and to meet people of all nationalities. On edge of Garden City, easy reach London and Cambridge. Also assistant cooks required, one November, one January, working under dietician; cooking for 400 mid-day, in modern kitchen. Opportunity to join in life of school. Apply: Mrs. King Harris, St. Christopher School, Letchworth, Herts.

OPPORTUNITIES to learn Italian and Spanish. Plenty of situations in both countries as Governess', Nannies or Mother's Help. Exp. not essential. Enquiries to Parker's Agcy., 72 Holden Road, London, N.12. HIL. 1831.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

LADY reqs. pt.-time occupation assisting author/inlst. research wk. Box 7749.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

MARRIED woman graduate, 30, English, psychology, seeks interesting position for 6 months. Box 7655.

MAN, typographic interests, some knowledge print, seeks employment publisher/advertising agency. Box 7665.

WINTER'S work required by f. (28), exp. manual to secretarial. Enterprising, reliable. Box 7708.

ATTRACTIVE lady, 27, seeks interesting post in fashion world. Dress-modelling, selling. Box 7805.

EXPORT executive, many yrs.' exp., linguist, shs. interesting position. Offers as consultant, temp./part-time cons. Box 7730.

2 GIRLS, 20 (French, Danish), good English, seek jobs London. Adaptable, responsible. Box 7059.

EFFICIENT secretary (f., 27), 5 years publishing exp., avail. from Nov. 5, seeks progressive post. Opportunities of occasional travel would be welcomed. Box 7704.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day and Boarding School owned and controlled by Friendly Society of Parents and staff. Kindergarten 17½gns., Junior and Senior School 22½gns.

INDIVID. teaching in group for children of normal intelligence with emotional difficulties. Mrs. Flynn, 12 Lambolle Road, N.W.3.

THE Town and Country Day School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. (PRI. 4481-2-3.) Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. G.C.E., Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends and holidays Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland Chiltern Hills 750ft). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.; M. D. C. Graham, M.A. (Oxon).

WHITTON Dene House (Twickenham-Isleworth area). Nursery-Infant School (3-8 yrs.). Recog. by Froebel Foundation & Min. of Educ. Open-air life in acre garden & orchard. Buses 33 & 203. HOU. 4430.

WHERE TO STAY

JUSTINS, Bodiam. Loveliest part Sussex for restful week-end or longer. Every comfort A.A. Club licence. Illustrated brochure. Staplecross 228.

IDEAL for late Autumn holidays—Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263) offers good food, warmth, comfort, delightful surroundings.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms & brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Famous seaside village. Old Norton House, on the Green, offers plentiful and imaginative food, tasteful atmosphere. From 8½gns. Brochure. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed, Ashley Courtenay recommended. Cent. heated throughout. Winter & Xmas terms on applin. RYE 2216.

PEACE, quietness & warmth, surrounded with pictures & books. No wireless or television. Drawing & painting week-ends, or longer periods. Highly appreciated food. The disgruntled not wanted. Box 7273.

BLENHEIM Farm, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Comfortable accom. and good food. 6gns. wk. Easy train journey from Charing Cross. Riding Stables. Coarse fishing. Tel. 148.

ENJOY October's Sunny Days. Book now for a late holiday at "Normanhurst," the small, cmftable., friendly Hotel in Sth. Coast resort noted for fine and mild climate. Summer attractions throughout, local amenities half price. Some vacs. from mid-Oct. From 6 gns. wkly., incl. full board, early tea, fresh fruit, gratuities, etc. Vegetn. if desired. Twin beds; h. & c.; Slmblands. 2 comfthle. Lounges. Best pos. on prom., facing Sth. Nr. Sun-Lnge. orchestra. Illus. brochures. Rec. by rdrs. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards-on-Sea. 'Phone Hastings 4784.

OLD Jordans Hostel, Beaconsfield. A Quaker Guest House which is a real resting place. Apply Warden for brochure.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

CONTENTS of October "Plebs." "Colonies Into Commonwealth," by P. C. Gordon Walker, M.P.; "Can Socialism Work?" by Arthur Woodburn, M.P.; "Are Civil Servants Human?" by Dr. W. McLaine; "Nationalisation of the Building Industry," by Sir Richard Coppock; "News of the Movement"; "Apes and Angels," by J. T. Williams; "Swedish T.U. Movement"; "Housing Self-help in Europe and America," by Margaret McCarthy; Pars. from the Press and Reviews, &c. "Plebs" is 6d., by post 8d. or 7s. 6d. a year, from the N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924

HEALTHY Childhood, by Jessie R. Thomson. Kindly guidance from infancy through school age. By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

75 years old, "The Freethinker," wages war on superstition with youthful vigour. Thoughtful, stimulating. 5d. p.w. (30s. yr.). 41 Gray's Inn Rd. W.C.1. HOL. 2601.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

R. H. S. CROSSMAN, M.P., on "Thoughts on Socialist-Communist Relations," in October Labour Monthly. Also: "G. D. H. Cole and Unity" (James Klugmann); Labour Discussion Forum Announcement; "Why this Suez Madness?" by Ivor Montagu, etc., etc. 1s. 6d. all agents or 9s. half-yearly sub. from N.S., 134b Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

UNITARIANISM. What is it? Write Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

"ENTFREMDUNGSPRINZIP. Brecht's 'estrangement-principle' much older in this country is than Herr Brecht may have realised," writes Bernard Levin in the current issue of Encore. "Many English playwrights their audiences with greatest facility alienate."

ENCORE readers are being further estranged from West End theatre with a 42-page Berliner Ensemble colour supplement: Neher's drawings, Brecht's songs, synopses, and striking pictures. This is being sent free to new subscribers who act now. Encore, 52 Hyde Park Gate, London, S.W.7. 5s. yearly.

MUSIC you prefer when you prefer it with European Radio. Programme details of 25 continental stations with articles and pictures about the music and musicians. Fridays, 6d. Bookstalls/Newsagents. Or Europ Publishing Co., Ltd., 137 Blackstock Road, London, N.4.

COMMUNISTS to Labour: Let's Talk It Over. The Labour Party Conference has given the signal for a mass united effort by the whole working-class movement to end Tory rule. A new Communist Party folder just out suggests that much common ground between Labour and Communist provides the basis for a great campaign to return a new Labour Government. Every Labour member, trade unionist, Co-operator should read and distribute it. 100 for 2s.; 1,000 for 17s. From 16 King Street, London, W.C.2. Secretaries: write for specimen copy.

NEWS from Moscow! For the background news to the changes that have taken place in the U.S.S.R. see the two Soviet journals "News," a fortnightly review, 10s. a year, "Moscow News," twice weekly, 12s. a year, Collet's Bookshop, 45 Museum St., W.C.1.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 3d. monthly from all newsagents.

PENGUIN to a library bought. Emphasis on Socialist bks./pamps. Van calls. Has anyone Borkenau's Communist Int'n'l? The Hammersmith Bkshop, Ltd., W.6. RIV. 6807.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

MRS. JOLLY will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2. TEM. 5588 and FRE. 8640.

MABEL Eyles Dupl. & Secr. Agency, 395 Hornsey Rd., N.19. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701. Staff wtd./supplied. All printing, duplicg./typg. (Reports, price lists, &c.)

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ENTERTAINMENTS

PRINCES. TEM. 6596. 7.30, Th. & S. 2.30. Variety Theatre of China. Ends Oct. 20.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7.30 (ex. M.), St., Sn. 5 & 8. "The Children's Hour." Mems.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Brecht's "Exception & Rule," Lorca's "Shoemaker's Wife."

SKIFFLE Concert. Unity Theatre presents The Satyrs and Guest Stars. 3s. 6d. Sun. Oct. 14 at 3. Mems. only.

ASIAN Music Circle (Pres. Yehudi Menuhin): (1) Music & Dances of India-Pakistan on Sun., Oct. 14, 7.30 p.m., at Overseas House, St. James's. (2) Classical Music of India, by Ravi Shankar (Sitar) & Chatur Lal (Tabla), Tues., Oct. 23, 8 p.m., Conway Hall. Inf. re Mem'ship, open to all from Hon. Sec., A.M.C., 18 Fitzalan Rd., N.3. FIN. 2934.

OPERA Circle, Sun. evgs., Oct. 28, 8 p.m., 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. "Don Pasquale," intro. by Andrew Porter with mems. Sadler's Wells cast; Nov. 25, "Sonnambula," Dec. 5, "Wat Tyler." Partics.: Hon. Sec., 69 Kensington Court, W.8.

SOVIET Variety & Concert artists at the Albert Hall, London, Thurs., Nov. 8 (7.30 p.m.). Tckts. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d. from B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1 (10% discount for 20 or more).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. The Maxim Gorki Trilogy. Until Oct. 14: "My Apprenticeship" (U). From Oct. 15: "My Universities" (U).

ROXY. Bay 2345. Elizabeth Taylor, Elephant Walk, U. Dark City, A.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Oct. 13. W. C. Fields in "The Bank Dick" (U). 2, 4, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

"ROMEO & Juliet," famous Soviet Ballet film, 3 p.m., Sun., Oct. 21, National Film Theatre, S.E.1. Tckts. 2s., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s. from B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Road, E.2. Sunday Afternoon Programmes of Art Films; at 2.30 and 3.45 p.m. October 14, 1956: Vezelay; Ad Dei Honorem; Demoniac in Art; World of Paul Delvaux. October 21: Patterns of American Rural Art; Medieval Dutch Sculpture; Affaire Manet; Legend of St. Ursula. October 28: Van Meegeren's Faked Vermeers; Third Dimension; St. Paul de Vence.

ICA., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Mon., Oct. 15, 8 p.m. Film: "Jammin' The Blues," Cleo Laine Personal Choice. Members 2s. 6d., Guests 3s. 6d.

YUGOSLAV Films from Edinburgh Festival, 6.30, Oct. 17, Hammer Theatre, Wardour St. For free tkts., send s.a.e. Hon. Sec., Brit.-Yugoslav Soc., 57a Queen Ct., W.2.

ICA., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Sat., Oct. 13, 8-11 p.m. At Home: Dancing to Don Simmon's Group. Members 3s. Guests 5s.

JIVE Sessions at Tynegate-Smith Studio, 15 Baker Street, W.1. WEL. 7007. Sats., Suns., 8ish-latish. Sat., Port Louis Jazzmen. Sun., Sonny Monk and his Trad. Band.

THE Continental Club, 3 Circus Rd., St. John's Wood, N.W.8. Dancing every Wednesday, Friday, Saturday & Sunday, 8 until 11.30 p.m. Interesting language practice evgs. every Tuesday & Thursday. Espresso coffee bar. Write, call or tel. PRI. 7479, evgs.

CONCERTS

18TH-Century Music played by the London Harpsichord Ensemble. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room, Sat., Oct. 20 at 8.15. Handel, Bach, Vivaldi. (WAT. 3191.)

ROYAL Festival Hall. Wed. Oct. 17 at 5.45. Francis Jackson—Organ Recital. Prelude & Fugue in D, Bach; Sonata No. 2, Hindemith; Symphony No. 1 in D, Vierne. Tickets: 3s. 6d. WAT. 3191.

FREE Concerts at the Horniman Museum, London Road, Forest Hill, S.E.23, on Wednesday evenings at 7.45 p.m. October 17: Folk Dancing. Folk Songs and Instrumental Music of India, arranged by Mrs. S. Warran. October 24: Trinidad Steel Band. October 31: Music of Persia. November 7: Folk Songs from Many Lands. November 14: Military Music. November 21: Folk Music of Ireland. Seats may be reserved at any of these concerts on appl. to Curator.

CONCERT of Indian Music. Imperial Institute, S.W.7. Oct. 19 at 8 p.m. Tickets at door 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. Ravi Shankar on the Sitar. Chatur Lal on Tabla.

ANOTHER Invitation Concert by The Kynaston Pianoforte School (Leschetisky method) at Wimbledon Town Hall, Thursday, October 18, 7.30 p.m. Programmes from 21 Denmark Ave., S.W.19. WIM. 0168.

LONDON Bach Group President Casals. Vacancies all voices. Bach "Johannes-passion" Cantatas, Motets. Monteverdi "Vespers." Alessandro Scarlatti, Schütz, Purcell, Tippett, Dallapiccola. Box 7769.

EXHIBITIONS

ICA. Gall., 17-18 Dover St., W.1. New Paintings by John Hultberg. Until Oct. 17. Mon.-Fri. 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closed Sun.

MARIN. Exhibition of paintings and water-colours. Sponsored by the American Embassy. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Oct. 20, Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues, Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Reproductions of Braque's Les Pêches and Nature Morte, originals showing at the Tate, obtainable there or at printsellers or 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1.

BRAQUE. An Arts Council Exhibition of paintings. The Tate Gallery. Open till Nov. 11. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tue., Thur., 10-8. Sun. 2-6. Adm. 1s. 6d.

THE Seasons: an invitation exhibition organised by the Contemporary Art Society. South London Art Gallery, Peckham Road, S.E.5. Until October 27. Daily 1-8. Sundays 3-7. Closed Fridays. Free.

ANTHONY Gross: The eight large etchings known as the "Le Boulvé Suite" are now published and on show at St. George's Gallery Prints, 7 Cork St. W.1. REG. 3660.

AN EXHIBITION "Design from Scandinavia" introducing new designs from Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Finland in furniture, textiles and accessories, will be held for two weeks from Monday, October 15, in the "Modern Interiors" on the third floor at Woollands of Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

GEORGES Braque: Original Etchings illustrating Hesiod: 5gns. each unframed: from St. George's Gallery Prints, 7 Cork Street, W.1. REGent 3660.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Edmond X. Kapp, H. Inlander and L. Bassingthwaighte. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Paintings by Philip Sutton; Sculptures by Austin Wright. Clos. Oct. 20.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. XIX and XX Century French Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Paul Feiler; Christopher Wood; & Lithographs by Raoul Dufy. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes Oct. 27.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Merlyn Evans retrospective 1927-1956. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Jack Smith: Paintings. 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Paintings, drawings and sculpture by William Scott. Until October 26

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay Street, W.1. Samuel Avery, Wilfred Avery New ptgs.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W.1. Albert Gleizes 1881-1953. 64 Paintings-Gouaches-Drawings. First London Exhibition. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-12.30.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions Child Welfare Through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal People. Also: The Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health. Mon-Friday 10-5. Adm. Free.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's. S.W.1. Gouaches by Peter Snow and Paintings by Charles Burton. Oct. 15-27.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY College, London. Free Public Lectures, Autumn Term, 1956. Thurs., Oct. 18, at 5.30, Inaugural Lecture by Professor M. A. Thomson. Some Developments in English Historiography during the Eighteenth Century. Thurs., Oct. 25, at 5.30, The Rickman Godlee Lecture, by Sir Gavin De Beer, Science and the Humanities. Thurs., Nov. 1, 8, 15, 22, at 5.30, Lord Northcliffe Lectures in Literature, by Professor C. J. Sisson, Justice in Shakespeare's Major Tragedies. Tues., Nov. 6, at 5.30, The Hobhouse Memorial Lecture, by Professor W. A. Robson, The Welfare State. Complete list of public lectures (including lunch-hour lectures) from Publications Officer, University College, Gower St., W.C.1. (Stamped env. reqd.)

"SALZBURG—Festival City." Illus. lecture by Dr. Heinz H. Rennau, followed by film show. Arts Council, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Sat., Oct. 20, at 7.30. Tkts. 3s. (Mems. & students 2s.) from Anglo-Austrian Soc., 139 Kensington High St., W.8. WES. 9003.

ICA., 17 Dover St., W.1. Thur., Oct. 18, 8.15 p.m. Art: Alan Davie: Self Portrait. Introduced by Lawrence Alloway. (Illus. with colour slides.) Mems. 1s. 6d. Gsts. 3s.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m. on October 20. M. Jean-Michel Massa (Alliance Française): "Grasse—ville des fleurs."

PUBLIC speaking needs practice. The Sylvan Debating Club meets at Swedenborg House, 20/21, Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1, on Monday, October 15, at 6.30 and alternate Mondays thereafter. Visitors welcome to attend and to speak. Secretary, G. Lamming, 156, Knights Hill, West Norwood, S.E.27.

FILM Show and Talk on visit to Rumania, C. P. Dutt and D. Davies. The film, "Bucharest," in colour. Sat., Oct. 20 at 33 Pembridge Sq., Notting Hill Gate, 7.30. Refrs. B.R.F.A., 27 Red Lion St., W.C.1. (CHA. 4568.)

TRUTH About Kenya. Mon., Oct. 15, 8 p.m. Eileen Fletcher (former rehab. officer, Kenya), Fenner Brockway, M.P., Joseph Murumbi. Hampstead Town Hall (nr. Belsize Pk. Tube Stn.). Adm. 1s. Movt. for Colonial Freedom, London Area.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ROYAL Institute of Philosophy. Programme of Lectures to be given at 14 Gordon Square, W.C.1 at 5.30 p.m. Michaelmas Term, Oct. 19, "Philosophy and Theology," Professor John Wisdom. Oct. 26, "Induction," Professor C. D. Broad. Nov. 2, "Descartes and Hume on the Relation between Belief and Will," Professor H. H. Price. Nov. 9, "The Justification of Beliefs," Professor L. J. Russell. Nov. 16, "Speculative Truth," the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Halsbury, F.R.I.C., F.Inst.P. Nov. 23, "Religious Assertions in the Light of Contemporary Philosophy," A. C. Ewing, Litt.D. Nov. 30, "Matter and Material Things," G. J. Warnock, M.A. Dec. 7, "Explanations in Terms of Social Function," Professor Dorothy Emmet. Lectures are open to the public without fee.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St. W.8. Sunday, October 14, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m., H. J. Blackham: "Man as an Individual."

THE World Can Live in Peace. Five special sermons by Dr. Donald Soper at Kingsway Hall, London, Sunday evenings 6.30, October 14-November 11. Next Sunday: "The World Can Live in Peace If Ordinary People Really Want it."

DR. J. L. Talmon, M.A. (Author "Origins of Totalitarian Democracy") will deliver the inaugural Hillel Foundation Lecture —"The Nature of Jewish History—Its Universal Significance", Wednesday, October 17, 8 p.m., at the Gustave Tuck Theatre, University College, Gower St., W.C.1. Chairman: Viscount Samuel.

"CONWAY Discussions," Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in Library, Tues., Oct. 16, at 7.15 p.m., Archibald Robertson, M.A. "The Impact of the Dead Sea Scrolls." Adm. free. Collin.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Road, E.2. Autumn Lectures 1956. "Present-day Foreign Furniture and Its Setting." Tuesdays at 7 p.m. October 16: Denmark—Lecturer: Frank Guille. October 23: Modern Architecture. Lecturer: Rolf Helberg.

ARCHIBALD Robertson, M.A., "Anatole France as Humanist," Oct. 14, 11 a.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request. Questions after lecture.

BRIGHTON. Lect.: "Sex & the Problem of Vice in Our Cities—the Progressive Approach." Sat., Oct. 20, 7.15 p.m., at Royal Pavilion (Conference Rm. No. 3). Arr. by Progressive Educational Research Committee. Admission free.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W.11. (PARk 7379.) Fri., Oct. 12, 8 p.m. Hon. R. Hare, M.A., "Gorky." Fri., Oct. 19, 8 p.m. M. Hayward, "Soviet Literature." Sunday, October 14, 8 p.m. Symposium: "Meaning of Pushkin" (in Russian).

BEN Uri Literary Circle commences its second season on Sunday, October 14 with an informal evening of readings from novels. Readers welcome. On Thursday, October 25, some Young Poets in Person read their own new verse. Place is 14 Portman St., W.1. Time: 8 p.m. For further information about the Circle contact the Hon. Sec., 47 Connaught Gdns., N.10.

AFRICAN Forum—Joseph Murumbi on Multi-Racialism in East & Central Africa. Oct. 16, 7.30. 32 Percy St. (Tott. Ct. Rd.).

INDIAN Inst. of Culture, London Br., Fri., Oct. 19, 8.30. J. S. Collis: "Personal Recollections of Shaw, Yeats and others." Chairman: Miss Vera Brittain. 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2, off Leinster Terrace.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, W.C.1. Wed., Oct. 17, 6.30, Public Lecture: "The Analysis of Being by the Buddha," Ven. Gunasiri Maha Thera (Ceylon). Read "The Middle Way," quarterly 2s. 9d. post free. Inf. TAT. 1313.

SWAMI Ghanananda: Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Thursday, Oct. 18, 6.30. "Our Bondage & Our Freedom." Sun. at 5 at 68 Dukes Ave., N.10: Gita. All welcome.

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m. Thurs., October 18. "The Hereditary Nature of Qualities. Adm. free.

"CHILDBIRTH Without Fear". Dr. Grantly Dick Read. Mon. Oct. 15, 7.30 Caxton Hall, S.W.1. 2s. London Natural Health Society.

PERSONALIST Group. "Symposium on Dr. Kinsey" by A. A. Burall, Eda Collins and Basil Druitt. Conway Hall, Wed., Oct. 17, 7.30 p.m.

"EUTHANASIA Today." The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Listowel, P.C., Ph.D. 7.30 p.m., Thurs., Oct. 25, 1956, Hope Hse., Gt. Peter St., S.W.1. Adm. free. Collection.

HAMPSTEAD Lit. Circle Pub. Mtg. Patric Dickinson: "The Poet & His Public," Oct. 16. Town Hall, Hampstead. 8 p.m.

YOGA Practice Society. Sunday, October 21, 3 p.m. Talk by Rustom P. Patel "Yoga and Sex." Admission by ticket. Apply enclosing s.a.e. to Sec., 6 Cadogan Gdns., S.W.3. Numbers limited. Collcn.

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc., Wed., Oct. 17, 7.30. "The Welfare of Children," Dr. S. Yudkin. 57 Dean St., W.1. Vis. 2s.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

TECHNIQUE in Fiction 8 weekly public lectures 6.30 p.m. begin Oct. 16. Speakers include: Phyllis Bentley (What is a Novel?), Winston Clewes (A Novelist's Workshop), William Cooper (Innovations in Technique), L. P. Hartley (My Own Work), Bernard Newman (The Spy Story), E. Arnot Robertson (Characters an Author Cannot Use), Angus Wilson (Depth and Breadth in the Novel). Course tickets 7s. 6d. and details from Sec., Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.1 (WAT. 6872).

INTERNATIONAL Forum. Welcome to men and women from other countries now living in London. We invite you to join us in discussions and entertainment in the Co-operative Hall, 180-198, Upper Tooting Road, S.W.17, on Thursdays, 7.30 p.m. October 18: "The Londoners," by Freda Corbet, M.P. October 25: "Our Co-operative Movement," by William P. Watkins, B.A. November 1: "Our Co-operative Society," by John Corina. Admission free. Full information from Mr. George Durham, Education Sec., Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society Ltd., 15 Park Vista, S.E.10.

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PERSONAL—continued

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FRANCE-Britain. Junior Tourism, 47 Redington Road, London, N.W.3. HAM. 0869. Highly recommended French families take one boy or girl at a time as paying guest. Detailed prog. for Christmas holidays.

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SKI-ING for under 30's. (The age limit for participants is 29.) Innsbruck University International Winter Courses. Christmas and New Year at Mayrhofen. Easter at Obergurgl. 15 days from 26gns. Including travel, ski-instruction, accommodation, reduced rates for ski-lifts, language courses and entertainments. Details from U.K. Course Representatives. F. & W. Ingham, Ltd., 143 New Bond Street, London, W.1. MAYfair 9885.

AUTUMN Weekend Parties at a delightful hotel in Stratford-on-Avon, Oct. 12 and 26, or at Brighton for the "Old Crocks" Race, Nov. 3. Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

SKI-ING is cheaper this winter. 15-day holidays in Austria for as little as 25 guineas with fast travel by the "Snowsport Special" train. Comfortable sleepers for a guinea each way. Or Norway, 14-day holidays from £22. Write for more details to R.A. Services, Ltd., 48 Park Road, London, N.W.1. AMB. 1001.

GET inside Europe. Foreign Visits Club, 79 Oakfield Rd., Birmingham, 29. Send 6d. stamp for booklet.

SMALL cultural middle-aged Jewish Circle welcomes new members. Box 7689.

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PERSONAL—continued

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QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith & practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1.

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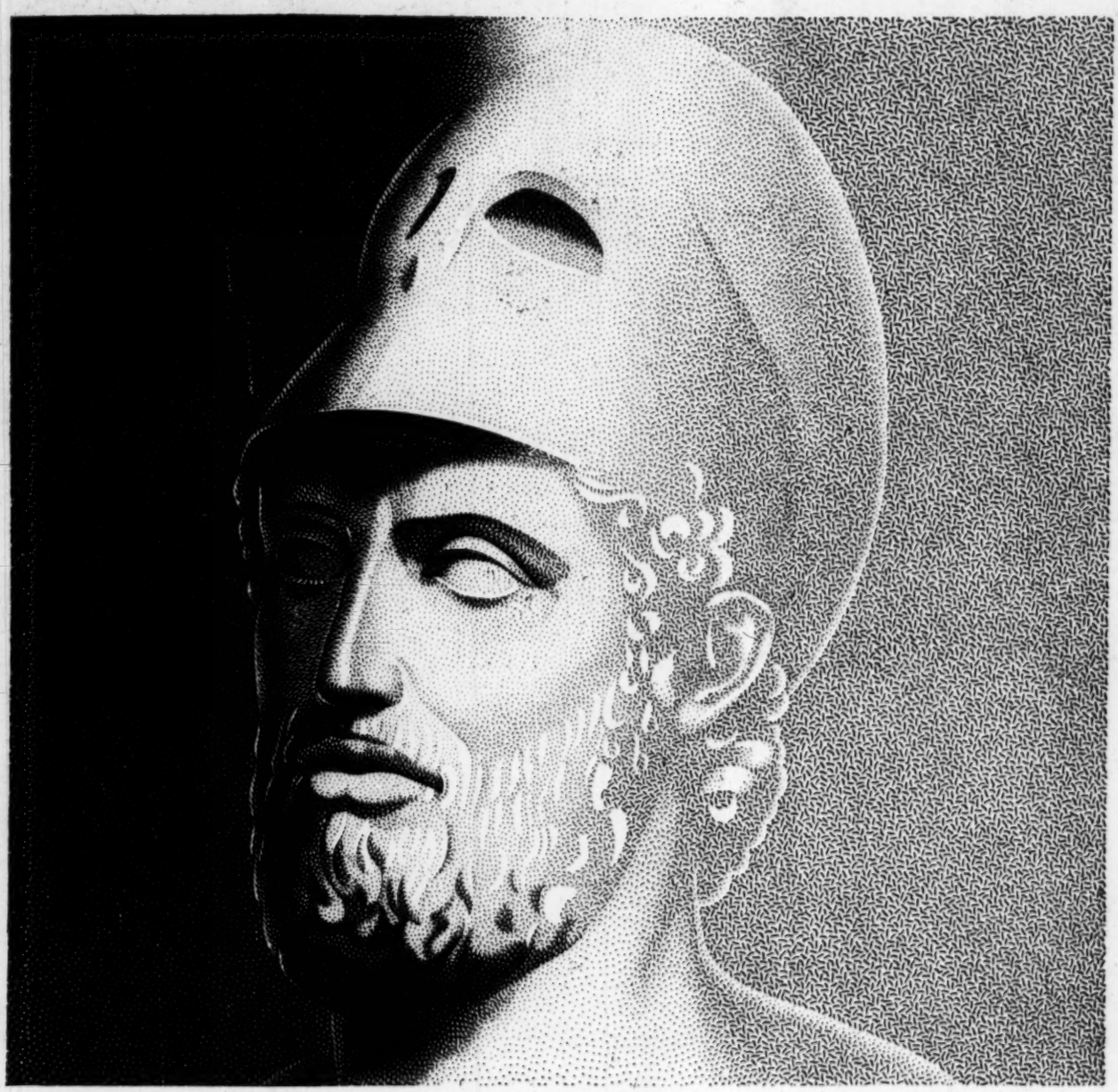

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